

THE LONDON MERCURY

Vol. XXXVI No. 215

SEPTEMBER 1937

EDITORIAL NOTES

SINCE I wrote last month the situation has been completely reversed in regard to the National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Committee and the coveted site in South Kensington. Then it appeared that the Committee had been out-bid and that the Government had agreed to sell the site, which was Crown property, to a commercial competitor. This disturbing result has been averted by the public-spirited withdrawal of the successful candidate and by the willingness of the Government to accept the withdrawal—that is how I understand the matter. The upshot is that the National Theatre gets the site at the price it had offered—£75,000.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE SITE

The general issue which supporters of the Theatre will soon be asked to consider is discussed by Dr. James Bridie on later pages. I am glad to be able to “bequeath the argument” to him; but there are one or two supplementary points I should like to allude to. For instance, I have been asked why a site has not been chosen in the heart of what is known as theatre land. The answer is quite simple—the cost is prohibitive. Such a site is not to be had for any sum of money that is likely to be available. And again, Why should not plays be put on for a National Theatre company at some existing theatre which could be rented for the purpose? Apart from the fact that the terms of the trust do not permit this—a difficulty which might be overcome—it should be remembered that the National Theatre is intended to be a permanent institution; it is desirable that it should have a building made to its needs; and owning would be much less costly than hiring.

These are bare economic considerations. They show the conclusive arguments against Leicester Square or Piccadilly, but not those in favour of the museum district of South Kensington. I will not enlarge upon the latter point. I would not suggest that any site more than a thousand yards from Leicester Square is the ideal one, but I may leave it to the Appeal Committee to prove that South

Kensington is the nearest to the ideal outside the charmed circle of commercial drama, and that if in its dramatic work it fulfils its function it will no more depend on the favours of the local residential rest-houses than the Old Vic depends on dwellers in Waterloo Road or than Nigel Playfair's Lyric depended on Hammersmith Broadway.

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To the question: "Who is to be the Director?" no answer is yet forthcoming. It is easy to say Granville-Barker, whom every pre-war playgoer remembers as the inspiring Director of the Court Theatre experiment, and every Shakespearean admires for his practical exposition of Shakespeare's technique and his endearing poetic interpretation. But Mr. Granville-Barker himself keeps on saying No, and if he should persist it must be presumed he means it—and I doubt whether we can pass an Act of Parliament to compel him to take on the job, or whether it would be seemly to send a deputation to implore him to do so. If he should willingly take it on, good. If not, he should be persuaded to give his help in some other form and advise the Board in the selection of a number of producers—including younger men like, say, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie—one of whom may eventually turn out to be the inevitable leader of the movement.

* * *

But why do we need a National Theatre, some people ask us, when already we have the Old Vic? I suggest that we need a National Theatre all the more because we have an Old Vic—that the Old Vic has helped to create the taste and the demand which make a National Theatre desirable, just as in the past the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and Miss Horniman's theatre in Manchester helped to create a demand for good plays, and to-day every sincere experiment such as that of the Mercury Theatre or the Gate Theatre leads more people to ask for more drama where something feeding to the spirit is attempted. A liking for Shakespeare does not destroy a liking for Aeschylus. A taste for Shelley is not antagonistic to a taste for Keats. The popularity of Shaw never militated against the popularity of Wells. Mr. Auden is not destructive to Mr. T. S. Eliot, or Mr. Isherwood to Mr. Auden. The more people there are who go to the Old Vic the more there will be who will go to a National Theatre (if it is ably conducted). In the fulfilment of their respective functions they would not compete against each other as rivals, but reinforce each other in jointly competing against their common enemy, the cheap meretricious drama which makes no demands on the dwarfed intellect and stirs no deep emotions.

There is one and only one way in which they might be real competitors. They might be rivals in their appeals for funds. That is a serious matter, and might be very damaging to the Old Vic, and so indirectly to the National Theatre itself. Surely this might be overcome by a simple, bold, and generous device—generous on both sides. Let the appeal, when it is made, be a joint one, with an explicit statement that a percentage of all the new contributions should be paid into the Old Vic fund. If that were done the two would become fast friends and allies for life.

WHAT THE THEATRE LACKS

When all is said and done, what is it that we really want—supposing us to be sincere, and we must suppose that some of the people are sincere—when we talk about a National Theatre? I suggest that we put it the other way round. What is there that we miss in the theatre as we get it? Or what is it that we sometimes get, but so seldom? One recalls a few of those rarer occasions which made more than a passing impression on the mind and remain ineffaceably in our memory—a very early, long-ago experience such as one had, say, in seeing William Poel's *Everyman*—or the Habima players in the *Dybbuk*—some scenes at least in Granville-Barker's *Twelfth Night*—and one came near the right thing in at least two *Hamlets* (Forbes-Robertson playing on one occasion, Mr. Gielgud on another), and very, very near to it in that last *As You Like It* with Miss Edith Evans so divinely excelling herself. When one recalls these and a number of other memorable experiences, we ask how is it that we may go to the theatre again and again and see well-recommended plays and leave without any of that satisfaction which we feel we ought to be able to derive from at least one or two theatres in London at any given time.

* * *

And now we have Dr. Bridie reminding us that of the many brilliant and sincere writers in Britain to-day few are writing for the stage, and when they do write for the stage their work is not wanted. There is clearly something wrong here. Is it that the writers are at fault in not making their works truly dramatic, or the theatre in not wanting the best? Or are both at fault, the one being too *literary*, the other, skilled in stage technique, scornful of literature, wrapt up exclusively in the business of getting effects over the footlights?

THE NEED OF POETS

"The theatre, if it is to survive, needs poets," says Mr. Granville Barker, in the Romanes Lecture *On Poetry in Drama* (which has just

been published in pamphlet form by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson at 2s.). "Plays only defy mortality when they deal—as poetry in its essence does—with the things that are immortal." By poetry he means of course, far more than verse. As composition it will be "patterned language," but in its essence it will be, in Shelley's words, "the expression of the imagination, and that which lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world." That is romanticist language which will not please everyone. But the poetic experience does not need to be defined to be known. It is the reality within this experience that Mr. Granville Barker wants to bring into the life of the theatre; and he sees that it cannot be introduced by the writer who is a poet and no more; it is not enough to have mastered the art of poetry; "in drama we cannot have the spirit without the body"; the dramatist must work in a given medium, through the persons of actors moving on the stage before an audience. The new poet-dramatists should "let themselves drift back into the arms of the theatre as they find it," and he adds: "if these arms are open (that I know is a question)." Mr. Yeats felt that they were not open, and therefore helped to found the Abbey Theatre. It is because they are so often closed in the commercial theatre of London that one demands a National Theatre. And for the same reason one must urge that the programme should allow as much time for the production of the best modern work as of Shakespeare and the classics.

* * *

But certainly it should not be allowed to become an experimenting ground for a kind of composition which passes as "serious drama"—which is often good literature but not good drama. The Elizabethans had the supreme good fortune to experience the vivifying force of the classical Renaissance before writers were infected by its pedantry. The misunderstanding of Aristotle by the neo-classicists has left its lasting mark on dramatic literature to this day, even when the old rules are discarded. Aristotle never professed to be treating of drama in all its forms—he was only concerned with that aspect of it in which it was dramatic poetry. Perhaps I may venture to use words that I have written before. Being concerned primarily with poetry, he "taught the intellectual world to think of drama as an almost exclusively literary thing. It is due in great measure to this one-sidedness of the *Poetics* that cultured people, everywhere and always, have tended too much to think of 'serious' drama in terms of that part of drama which belongs to literature. And naturally the converse has come to be true, that those whose practical business is with the stage—with production, with acting, with stage-effects,

with all that hits the public—tend to be separated from intellectual influences, and to behave as if that part of drama which Aristotle did not discuss is the only important thing for men whose business is to fill a theatre.”

That gulf it is surely the function of a National Theatre to bridge. It will have to convince us that whilst the essence of drama lies in the inner action of the play it is a composite art in which the playwright, the producer, the actors, the scene-makers, and perhaps the musicians, contribute inseparable elements which work together to affect the minds and emotions of an audience.

EDITH WHARTON

Edith Wharton, who has died at the age of 75, had been writing continuously for nearly forty years. It has been customary to speak of her as a brilliant disciple of Henry James. Undoubtedly she was much influenced by his aloof habit of mind, his intellectual curiosity, his dispassionateness, and his scrupulous regard for the subtleties of language. But in her shrewd observations of the life of society she was nearer to common sense, and her lucidity, her neatness, and the hard sparkle of her language were all her own. The culture which she absorbed in New England and in Italy, her cleverness, her intellectual agility constituted her strength and imposed their limitations. The same careful polish which gave glitter to her intellectual ideas sometimes smoothed out the finer edge of her sensibility. To my mind far her best book was that short novel, *Ethan Frome*, in which for once she let herself go and attained a passionate intensity which she reached in no other work. It was characteristic that she herself had little respect for this book, which she felt, I think, was written too much with her emotions, too little with her intellect.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

POEMS

By W. H. Davies

ARMED FOR WAR

IS life on Earth a viler thing
Than ever was known before?
Who shall we ask—the wise old man
Whose years have reached five score?

When we have questioned Church and State,
Is there anyone else to ask?
Is it the Baby, three weeks old,
That wears a gas-proof mask?

Is it the Infant armed to meet
A poisoned earth and sky—
A thing too weak to lift its hand
To rub a sleepy eye?

SPEED

THINK, Man of Flesh, and be not proud
That you can fly so fast:
The little Worm can creep, creep, creep,
And catch you up at last—
Catch up with you at last.

Though you outfly the swiftest bird,
And laugh as you go past,
Think how the Worm comes creep, creep, creep,
To catch you up at last—
Catch up with you at last.

MEN THAT THINK

BE damned, you cheeks, be damned and sink;
Body, bend double, sag and shrink;
Go dry, poor Skin, go thin and dry;
Sweet Light, collect in neither eye;
Body, be damned—shall I not find
Your faults redeemed by my unfailing Mind?

A Mind that's strong enough to bear
 A Dream-child every day of the year;
 A Spirit full of young desire,
 With growing pains, to reach up higher—
 Is there no joy for men that think?
 Body, be damned, bend double, sag and shrink!
 Fools have their second childhood, but the
 Great
 Still keep their first, and have no second state.

TWO POEMS

By May Sarton

THE VANQUISHED

DO not think for an instant that I will bear your pity
 Across my mouth like a soft January rain . . .
 Though you have plundered the walls and sacked the city
 All this you shall see builded up, made stalwart again.
 Do not think for a moment that I who have borne
 Love like a banner always though now so tattered
 Would welcome pity to mend where it is torn.
 The walls of this city are down. The walls are shattered.
 But something is streaming still from the rampart
 Vermilion against the sky. It is a proud pennant.
 In its name this city was vanquished and torn apart,
 In its name will be builded again, the flag dominant:
 This is a brilliance that does not need your pity
 For love builds out of defeat a deathless city.

IMAGE

I AM one who has travelled a long way
 And now on a dark night beheld your window lighted . . .
 I am a stranger who stood within your doorway
 And whom the oval of your face so far delighted,
 So strongly moved that he went on his way
 Restored and in some manner nourished
 As if there had been darkness over the sun
 And peril on his path who now goes cherished,—
 As if there were a reason, though there is none.

NEO-CLASSIC POEMS

By G. S. Fraser

I

I STOOD amid grey leaf and withered cone,
 Last autumn's leavings, sorrow never swept,
 Dark on the longest day. I wept alone,
 Alone the waste of all the wood I wept.

The heavy branches bar the wholesome sun,
 The summer sun, of ripening unafraid,
 Dies on the floor where all the leaves are dun,
 And sorrow greets me in the darkening glade.

2

AS me no more where the rose is
 Summer constrains,
 As winter sleeks and gloses
 With opaque pains
 The mud and the little fishes,
 And the rock is not revived by the old rains,
 The grey roots grip where there are no wishes.

For now winter is falling,
 Soft and warm, like silks from a woman, the snow.
 By the warm house, the well-loved voice is calling,
 But home I shall not go.

3

UPON the silver shore
 We shall return no more
 Nor by the moving sea
 Will she whom I adore
 Be lost, be lost to me.

Where autumn gilds the leaves
 The soothing voice deceives
 The lovers wandering,
 And weary pity grieves
 That happy lust should sing.

But by the path or shore
We shall return no more,
Nor by the moving breast
The hand that dare adore
No more will rest, will rest.

ROOTS GO DOWN

By Lloyd Frankenberg

ROOTS go down
not as it is to drown—
falling through green fields of light
farther and farther,
the green gone blue, gone purple and
then black,
the black touchless plunging—
but at once under,
at once head-all-shovel lunging against
the ground.

Neither is there any sound, nor smell
there. Or what is it
leads the root onward through mazes of
tryings and twistings?
Touch only? Is it all fingers
come alive in the live dark to be ears,
eyes, nose and the taste and the
crying?

As if the hand should open into night,
flowering upon the darkness all around,
putting its fingers forth to feel out
sight,
to feel out sound;

to be all tongues for touching and
tasting,
knuckle-sinuous and nail-sharp against
the dark;
to smell out ways;
to hark like hazel
the distant dripping of water wasting
through clay.

HARVEST

By Frederic Prokosch

SEPTEMBER: and all the glowing harvesters
 Bring home their golden sheaves
 And he, the lonely, slowly,
 Silently strays

Through the long park. And through the falling leaves
 Now dusk unfurls her wine-red wing.
 The leaves fall softly, softly
 The tall spire lays

Its shadow down the road, the bells now ring,
 The wagon rumbles, the worn plow
 Shines dimly. Deeply
 In the warm haze

Lie lost the day, the debt, the dying. Now
 None know what hurts. The little girls
 Play in the square where fondly
 The fountain plays

And the bright snail, striped gold and copper, curls
 Round the wet clover, and two still
 Tremulous horns tenderly
 Touch the green sprays.

The elm bends low her arms. Over the hill
 The cottage smokes. The sheep are flowers
 Tossed on the field: softly
 Slope the sun's rays:

September: but ah, for ever these airs, these hours
 Will ripen within me, calm the crossed
 Loves, loyalties, gently
 Cool the long days

Carried for ever in the hot hearts', the lost
 Hearts' confusion; and your love, your love, locked
 Here, here, so deeply
 Always and always.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE

By James Bridie

I AM a professional playwright living in the North. I once wrote a prose epilogue to be spoken by Miss Elisabeth Bergner at a matinée organized in London on behalf of the National Theatre. I did not attend the matinée, which by all accounts was a pompous affair. That is all I know about the National Theatre apart from what I read from time to time in the newspapers.

For all that, a professional playwright living in the North must have the National Theatre much in his thoughts. These thoughts must be wondering and vague, for the National Theatre is a distant, impalpable thing, imminent and receding, a Cheshire cat. It is like the man in the poem:

As I was going down the stair
I met a Man who was not there.
He was not there again to-day,
I wish to God he'd go away!

Wondering and vague thoughts on a mystic object may not be particularly valuable, but they have their interest for some people, and I feel emboldened to write them down. I feel the bolder because somebody in some of the newspapers is always saying that people outside of London cannot be expected to be enthusiastic about a project to build another London theatre. I live outside of London, and my own *ἐνθουσιᾶσμος* has been awakened.

First of all, why shouldn't we be interested? We are all readers of Mr. Agate, Mr. Brown, and Mr. St. John Ervine in the Sunday papers. No schoolgirl writes a play about people who dress for dinner swearing at each other among the cabbage leaves that litter the drawing-room floor but we are told of it. We vehemently take sides on the matter of foreign actors. We honour the London Theatre that is so bravely fighting the films. We know it to be a stronghold—perhaps the last—against the invasion of American vulgarity. The Theatre is one of the attractions of London, the first of the attractions of London when we go to visit that place. There we can cleanse our minds and eyes from the entertainments with which we have to be content in the "provinces"—*The Good Earth*, *Mutiny on the "Bounty"*, *Fury*, *Zoo in Budapest*, *Modern Times*, those degrading canned exports from Hollywood. At times our appetite is whetted by seeing in our own theatres productions prior to their London appearance, and we are deeply interested to conjecture

what they will be like when the actors know their words and the electricians their cues and when the bits of dialogue that set our teeth on edge have been eliminated or re-written.

I hope that I have said enough to help you to accept my word for it. We "provincials" are deeply interested in all the developments in the London Theatre as and when they happen. It would not be too much to say that two or three of us are a little horrified.

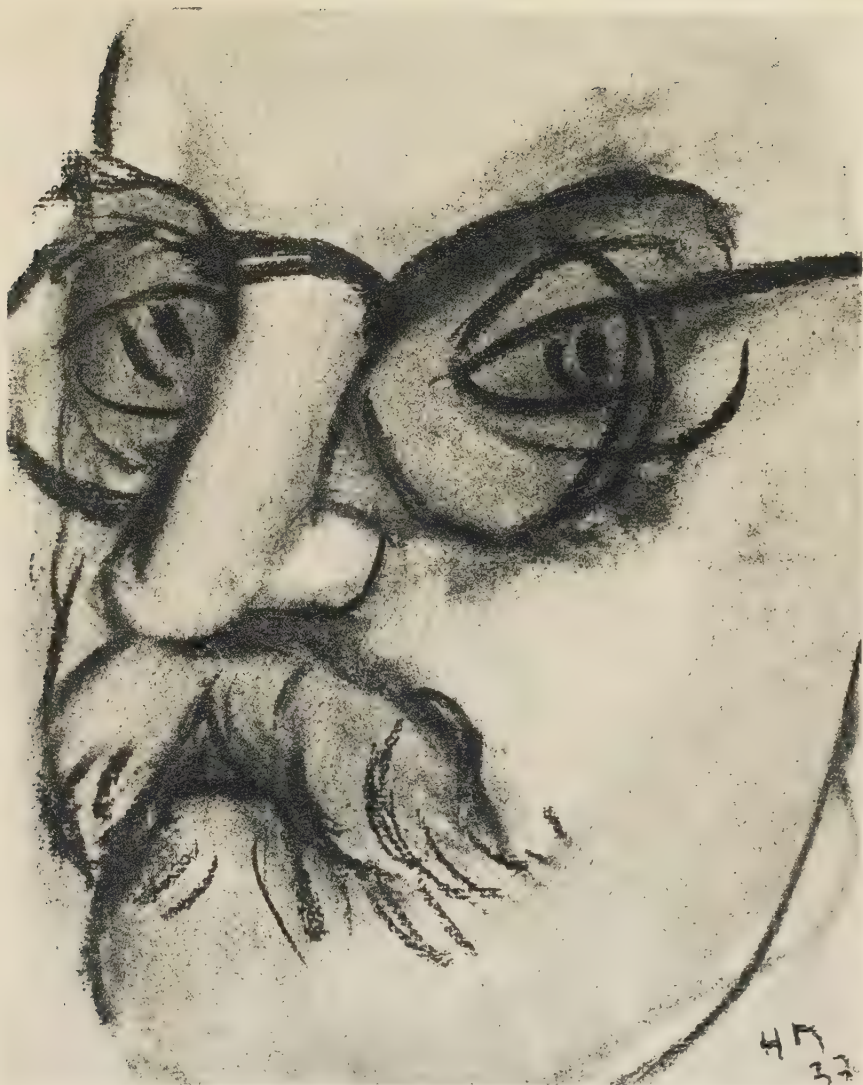
In this Coronation year London has been full of "provincials," to say nothing of colonials and foreigners. The London Theatre has had little to offer them beyond the counterparts of railway bookstall detective stories and erotic novels. Some dramatic critics have blushed at this. Some managements have wakened uneasily to the consciousness that London cannot be particularly proud of them. They have defended themselves by saying that they cannot get plays and there's an end of it. Their fuglemen in the Press accept this statement and explain it by saying that all the British dramatists have gone to Hollywood. It is admitted on all sides that the majority of plays produced in London are worthless plays.

I amused myself the other day by making a list of seventy British dramatists whose work could not be denied worth or quality. They are all capable craftsmen. No adult person would feel ashamed to have spent a couple of hours watching an entertainment contrived by them. None of them is in Hollywood. None of them is represented on the London stage. I am willing to bet that none of them would object to having a play by him performed in a "first-class manner in a West-End theatre." Apart from its financial advantages that experience is one of the greatest delights in life. Have they all dried up? Have they offered plays and had them rejected? Have they ever been asked for plays?

To the last question I think it is possible to answer "No." It is a fine English tradition that the dramatist must hawk his wares. He has not yet attained to the dignity of a shopkeeper.

If they have all dried up, it is a very extraordinary thing. If they are making a sincere if faintly humiliating effort to get their work accepted, the public is entitled to ask why it is being refused.

I am speaking of dramatists whose worst work is, by any known standard, better than a very great deal of what we are offered to-day. Mr. Shaw is so illustrious that it is not invidious to mention him. His last two plays have never been produced in London. Even if it is true that they are not his best, a failure with one of them would have been less ignominious than the failure of twenty unmentionable pieces with nothing at all to recommend them. They might even have attracted a few bewildered provincials, colonials,



SELF PORTRAIT
Drawing by HENRI-MATISSE

and foreigners. A recent revival of one of the few of his plays that really "date" was a great success.

The position is that we have in the West End of London the machinery for good and even great contributions to the art of the theatre. There are good actors, good directors, good painters, good musicians, good technicians, good (if one may humbly suggest it) playwrights, good audiences, and no fewer than forty theatres. There are plenty of energy and plenty of money. Yet the plays produced are mostly trivial and, if one is to take the test of the box office, incapable. Over three hundred are presented every year. In a good year twenty of these may be successes. That is to say, the manager and his backers make a profit. Fifty may pay expenses. Over two hundred are certain to result in the loss of from one thousand to fifty thousand pounds. I am no arithmetician, but it appears to me that the managers and their backers make a present to the London public of at least a quarter of a million pounds every year.

There is one safe conclusion to draw from all this: that theatre management is a chancy business. There is also a possible explanation for the gap between playwriting and production. Our merchants of drama cannot keep calm when they are walking on such quicksands. As the old-established tailor who feels his business tottering turns feverishly to the manufacture of reach-me-downs, so the manager forgets in his panic the tradition behind him and markets ready-made plays that shrink, shrivel, and disintegrate in a week.

The remedy for this gambling misery with its shameful exhibitions in the face of the visiting world seems to the provincial to be a subsidized theatre. The site for this theatre should be the very centre of playgoing Britain. If it destroys by its powerful competition the honest managers of the West End playhouses, why, the sooner the unhappy wretches are put out of their distress the better. But it will not compete with them. No institution administered by a National Trust would be allowed to enter such a field of competition. The National Gallery does not compete with the sellers of indecent post cards.

The National Gallery is a very useful analogy. If we want to use it as a more civil answer to the competition objection, we may say that it does not do harm but good to the picture dealers. If we think of the functions of the National Gallery, the functions of the National Theatre are at once made plain to us; for the art of the theatre is no less respectable than the arts of painting and sculpture. A National Gallery is as necessary to a civilized community as a water supply. A National Gallery satisfies the inalienable right of a citizen to see masterpieces. It is unthinkable that a National Gallery

should be conducted for profit. It is not necessary for a National Gallery to measure its usefulness by the number of heads seeking admission. A National Gallery is liable at any time to fall into the hands of a lot of junk-collecting Bumbles, but they cannot put out the eternal light that shines in the place. And all these axioms apply equally to a National Theatre.

To them may be added the proposition that a good fat subsidy casteth out fear. If I were just Lot and had in my bag, say, a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, I think that Gomorrah could produce for me a dozen managers who would gird up their loins and do something resounding for the theatre. They might even find plays. They would certainly find a theatre or a place to build one on. I should like to see the beatific expression of Miss Lilian Baylis if such a sum were suddenly thrown in her lap.

I see from my newspapers that there is such a sum, and that it is in the hands of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Committee. One would think that the thing was as good as done.

Yet the Theatre that Is Not There still advances, recedes, and dissolves. We provincials will not thoroughly believe in it till the King opens it, our cousin at Welwyn has paid for a seat, and our dear Sunday papers advertise: "National Theatre: *Twelfth Night*: Last eight perfs.: Next week: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*."

To be agnostic is not to be an unbeliever. Our newspapers tell us that the Committee has been sufficiently active nearly, almost or absolutely to acquire a site. The theatre may well be built before we have time to formulate that advice which is always sought from the North. We are certain that however corruptly, stupidly, and ineffectively it is administered the National Theatre cannot be a failure. That is not to say that it may not be made better and more useful than anybody expects.

For example, it can fulfil the same functions as a National Gallery without an audience; but a play without an audience is a cold play. Audiences are of two kinds. There are beautiful audiences—"a good class of business," as a West End manager said to me once. The men are dazzling arrangements in jet black and pure white, and the women are naked to the waist and covered (partly) with rich gems. Managers enjoy the sense of hospitality to the best people; actors perform for them with a subdued reverence which is one of the glories of the English school; poor people pay for the pleasure of looking at them and identifying them from their photographs in the weeklies. Indeed, in most cases they are better than the show.

The other audiences ("not the same class of business") wear tweeds and have a sort of workaday smell about them. Their

negative advantages are that they are seldom late at the beginning or at the intervals and that they do not talk so loudly during the performance. Their positive advantage is that they send curious waves of emotion on to the stage, startling even the best-bred actors into activity and making the eavesdropping author feel that perhaps after all he is not entirely a poor dogbody of a libretto writer hired to display the virtuosity of others; that these people with the radiant, intelligent, intensely lovable faces are actually interested in what he (the author) is saying to them.

These audiences cannot afford to pay for comfortable seats at the plays the beautiful audiences are said to like; and if they could afford it they would not waste their money on such silly stuff. They are not the sheep who make what is called a success; but, if they are properly treated, they will go to a National Theatre. They do, in fact, go to the Old Vic. The Old Vic is a great shabby-looking barn of a place, but its patrons are properly treated. Its minimal officials say "good evening" and look as if they were glad to see you and would stand on their heads on the pavement if it would give you any pleasure. Your neighbours don't glower at you. You feel that this is the proper place to be and that everybody is delighted that you have come. And, with all its faults, it looks like a theatre. The Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon doesn't. Its auditorium looks like a natty smooth quarry.

I think that the committee should direct all its attention to the second kind of audience. If the beautiful audience comes too, it will be welcome and the second audience will keep it in order. When I was a boy I saw a person liquidated in the gallery of a Glasgow theatre for a display of boorishness that a West End audience would find quite natural.

Although the second kind of audience is seldom seen in the North, preferring to sit at home and listen to its wireless, it still exists there in its most satisfying form. For this reason it will be necessary for the National Theatre Company to tour and tour and tour again. It will be foolish to take elaborate scenery with it on its tour. Any play worth its salt can be played before curtains. But it must take the original cast, the best managerial staff available, and at least one member of the committee whose duty it will be to learn and to teach. He must teach the municipalities that a municipal theatre is as necessary as a municipal gallery and show them how to bring it into being. He must learn what cannot be learned in London, that the theatre is an art and not a branch of the show business and that the people have a passion for it.

He will learn, too, not to be a governor, a committee-man, a

trustee, a unit in a board of directors. Such persons are not of much use in a life and death struggle. There is no vanity like the vanity of the member of the board of an altruistic organization. There is no paralysis like his paralysis. There is no sterility like his sterility. There is no pedantry like his pedantry. He may be a wise, thoughtful, sympathetic, judicious, active, original, loyal, civil, intelligent, reasonable individual; but let him join a committee for the purpose of doing good and he will bully, backbite, vote for the *status quo*, quarrel with his colleagues and all other committees, maltreat honest servants, cherish bad ones, stand on his dignity, take umbrage, waste time in verbiage. . . .

I told you that my thoughts were wondering and vague. All thoughts inspired by hope must be so. There is a hope in this theatre for those who live far from London. We have seen our beautiful theatres ill-converted into cinemas, our repertories struggling from hand to mouth in a sort of half-light. The sons and grandsons of those who used to foster our arts with their well-earned money will not lift a finger to help us. In the theatrical capital of Great Britain the rulers of the theatre despise us, and we are not lost in admiration for them. We should like to think that there was a strong citadel of the spirit to which we could turn in the hour of prayer.



CHEZ LUDICKE

Wood-cut by HILDA M. QUICK

PATRIOTISM

By Walter Greenwood

IN the end house of one of the many cramped streets of Hanky Park lived Mrs. Harrop. On the side wall of her house which over-looked one of the busier streets a man had recently pasted a coloured lithographic poster for everybody to see. He knew that the local kids hadn't anything better to do than to pull such things down so he had put it high up out of their reach.

The poster depicted a stolid-looking person dressed in the khaki uniform of a general of the British Army. Some of the older men looking at the stolid general's luxurious moustaches said: "'E's Lord Kitchener."

His Lordship pointed a finger at all who glanced up or stopped to look at him. Out of his mouth flowed a wavy white line which encompassed the following utterance, printed at the side of his Lordship's face: "YOUR KING and COUNTRY NEED *YOU*."

When Mrs. Harrop heard about the poster she shuffled out of her house and stood in front of it looking at it for a long time. But, since reading was not one of her accomplishments, she could have stood there till Doomsday without being enlightened. So she stopped stout Mrs. Bull who was waddling by on her way to pawn something which was concealed under her shawl.

"What does it say?" Mrs. Harrop asked her, half hoping it was an announcement of free soup or something acceptable in that line. Mrs. Bull read the words: "Your—King—and—Country—Need—You," pausing between each word. She added: "Oh, they do, do they? Well, I'd like to be able to tell 'em what *I* need, by gum I would." She waddled away.

Anybody standing within a few feet of Mrs. Harrop would not have required telling what *she* needed. Her clothes must have been new about the time of the Boer War, and living in a district where baths were unknown, other than those which hung upon nails on the backyard walls, explained Mrs. Harrop's complexion.

"King and Country need you," Mrs. Harrop repeated aloud to herself. After a while she decided that the words were addressed to the men of the district. She nodded: "They've taken Joe," she told herself. "And just when he was sekkled nicely in a job and bringing his wages home."

Joe was Mrs. Harrop's grandson who had exchanged a tradesman's pay for a shilling a day, a khaki uniform, and a dependant's

allowance payable to his grandmother every Friday at the post office.

"Joe doesn't understand," Mrs. Harrop told herself, these words explaining to her own satisfaction the impossibility of a woman paying her way on the meagre money allowed by the War Office to dependants of the soldiers of the King.

Mrs. Harrop was in the same predicament as nearly every other woman in the neighbourhood who was expected to do what the Chancellor of the Exchequer assisted by all the actuaries in the world could not do given a million years in which to try—that was, make a shilling do the work of two.

Every Friday and Saturday when wages were drawn there descended on the district a swarm of men on bicycles with notebooks and pens in their pockets. These men were representatives of the burial clubs, insurance companies, landlords, weekly payment clothing clubs, and all the other hirelings who were expected by their employers to cajole, bully, and extract shillings and sixpences from the harassed women. Then there were the pawnbrokers, whose lot, compared with the door-to-door representatives, was blissful security. For the men of the three brass balls had no need to call for their loans; they had the complete satisfaction of seeing their customers lining up against their counters, wages in hand, to redeem clothing, boots, and shoes required by the menfolk for the week-end spree. Their policemen were their customers' husbands, who would beat their wives if the Sunday suits were not available on Saturday afternoon.

The housekeeping money handed over to the pawnbrokers was stored away in the safes until Monday morning, when the Sunday suits were pledged anew in exchange for the money handed to the pawnbrokers the previous Saturday, less, of course, the interest due.

And so it went on until the stupefied brains of women like Mrs. Harrop, after years of trying to solve the insoluble problem, adopted the expedient of going to shops like that belonging to Mr. Schwartz who, if you paid him a shilling a week for twenty-one weeks, would let you have a pound's worth of drapery on payment of the first shilling. Then, when you got the pound's worth on the first payment you could pawn the goods for five or six shillings and buy food with it. His collector called regularly and, if you missed a week's repayment he would keep on calling, and mention court proceedings very regretfully so that you would have to give him the shilling you had put aside for the burial club or for rent or food: then you would go hungry or wonder what on earth you could do next. A few years of this sort of thing taught you the futility of worry, then you would

say to the collector: "Ach! You can go to the devil. I've just paid th' insurance man. If *you* want paying you'll have to come before *him*."

This was a reason why the collectors often scowled hatefully when they saw a rival triumphantly leaving a street having stolen a march on them. But their hatred of each other was nothing compared to that which their customers had for them.

You hated the landlord, the insurance man, the pawnbroker, the moneylender but, most of all you hated Mr. Schwartz, because his prosperity was so blatant. His shop was in the middle of the neighbourhood's squalor, and its many electric lights almost lit up the sky. No sooner was it enlarged than, it seemed, the bricklayers and joiners again erected hoardings around the next shop whose tenancy Schwartz had acquired. Then the men tore out the shop front, knocked the dividing wall down, pulled up floors, took out staircases, and when the hoardings were removed there stood revealed a brand new plate-glass window, brilliantly lit, added to Mr. Schwartz's store.

You always told yourself you would take your patronage elsewhere, that is, if you ever got out of the pawnbroker's and Mr. Schwartz's clutches. While you were paying off what you owed him your family's clothes were wearing out; and when you had liquidated your debt you had to go to him once again because of the choice you could get and because all the other desirable shops traded on a strictly cash basis. In fact, these last had cards hung up in their windows: "No Clothing Club Checks Taken Here," and "Please Do Not Ask For Credit as a Refusal Often Offends."

Hatred was your only relief; this and backbiting. Why, was not it common knowledge that he, Schwartz, owned nearly all the property round here, and what about his wife's fur coat and diamond rings? Where did his wealth come from? Answer that!

"You wouldn't mind if he was an Englishman, would you? But a blooming Jew! Aye, and I've heard tell as he started with a bag going from house to house. Look at the way he talks as well; calls silk 'thilk' and stockings 'sthockingth.' There ought to be a law agen it."

Mrs. Harrop's grandson Joe had been away in the army since the first day of the war; that was seven months ago. Summer was here and with it the need of the insecticide manufactured and retailed by the local herbalist, Mr. Joseph Barkle, or, more familiarly, "Bug-powder Joe."

He always did a roaring trade beginning the first week of May, for this was the time of the season when the bugs really began to make nuisances of themselves.

"What with one thing and another," Mrs. Harrop murmured to herself as she began to shake the powder along the skirting boards, nicks, cracks, holes and crevices, "Now if our Joe was here he could blow this 'ere stuff behind the pictures. Fancy me, at my time o' life standin' on chairs an' riskin' me neck."

All of a sudden she stopped, straightened herself, and listened. There came sounds of a woman's angry voice in the street followed by another in reply.

"There's a row on," Mrs. Harrop said, hastening to the door with the packet of powder in her hand. Mrs. Harrop was extremely fond of rows since they generally occurred between women who were the closest of friends, and, being so, told each other, in moments of extreme confidential friendliness, their deepest secrets. In this way, when the bond of friendship snapped, the erstwhile friends, standing on their own doorsteps, would hurl insults at one another, then fling one another's confidences broadcast for all to hear and relish. Quite frequently they would goad each other beyond bearing and then advance to claw at one another in the middle of the street to be joined by their husbands who would, of course, be in honour bound to fight also.

Not the least charming aspect of this entertainment was that it was quite free. It justified the immediate cessation of all and every occupation so that one would not lose a minute of it.

"It's Mrs. Miggleton's voice," Mrs. Harrop said, aloud, to herself as she scurried to the front door. Mrs. Middleton was a big rawboned woman whose house swarmed with children. She always carried one in her arms while another one was always on the way.

On this occasion, instead of a child, both hands were clutching the morning newspaper. Leaning on his bicycle in the roadway and panting hard from recent exertions, was her eldest boy, a lad of thirteen, who had a very profitable newspaper stand and, among other accomplishments, a gift for performing upon the tin whistle and the mouth-organ.

"The dirty dogs!" Mrs. Middleton shouted, shaking the newspaper above her head and stepping out into the street. All the neighbours now were out on the same expectations as Mrs. Harrop.

"See what they've done now?" she shouted, brushing a tumbled wisp of dank hair out of the corner of her frothing mouth: "See what they've done now?" she repeated, while all her auditors wondered whether "they" were landlords or shopkeepers who controlled the prices of food.

Mrs. Middleton now hurried angrily to the middle of the street where, flinging the newspaper on the cobblestones, she shook her fist

in the air and cried: "Sunk the *Lusitania* and thousands o' people drowned like rats. The dirty German dogs." She glared round at all her neighbours from whom came murmurs.

Dramatically, Mrs. Middleton made a grab at Harry's, her son's, coat collar, and shaking him as she would have had he been guilty of a misdemeanour which he refused to confess, cried: "Go on, go on, tell 'em what you told me."

"Leave go o' me collar, ma," Harry replied plaintively.

Mrs. Middleton showed him the back of her hand. "Tell 'em what you told me," she repeated threateningly.

"It was Keppel's pork shop on Bride Street when I was passin' on me bike," he said. "Thousands o' people outside all sayin' as old Keppel was a German spy; then they all began smashin' his winders and pinchin' all his sossidges." He lifted a shoulder protectively and shot a furtively apologetic and apprehensive glance at his mother, adding: "They'd pinched everything when I got near."

"Gaa," said Mrs. Middleton, disgustedly, pushing her son away. She turned to her neighbours once again and began to inveigh against spies, Germans and civilian shopkeepers with foreign names who were making fortunes out of English women whose husbands and sons were being killed in the trenches in a foreign land.

Having heard Master Middleton's eye-witness account of the plundering of Keppel's shop, Mrs. Harrop felt she had been victimized. Occasionally she had patronized Mr. Keppel, consequently who had better right than she to be one of the first in the looting? The more she thought about the missed opportunity the more indignant she became. It suddenly, startlingly, occurred to her that, at this very moment, a similar thing might be taking place elsewhere. Instantly her mind's eye saw the glittering frontage of Mr. Schwartz's shop.

The interest of the neighbours in Mrs. Middleton's invective was suddenly diverted to the scurrying figure of Mrs. Harrop who shuffled into her house without saying a word. She reappeared putting on her shawl while Mrs. Middleton, as annoyed as a leading lady from whom the limelight has been deflected on to the irrelevant antics of a supernumerary, demanded, arms akimbo: "And where d' y' think *you're* goin', Mrs. Harrop?"

Mrs. Harrop stopped and suddenly shaking a bony fist, declared: "Nobody isn't goin' to tell me as old Schwartz is a Jew. Not with a name like that, Mrs. Miggleton. And don't you forget it, either, as I've got a grandson, our Joe, in the trenches. An' I haven't forgot all the money as I've paid to old Schwartz either. My husband ne'er could afford fur coats and diamond rings for me. No, worked hard

all me life I have, *and* I was one of Keppel's customers, too." She turned and scurried away shouting something about not being "done in" by the Bride Street mob who might now be searching for fresh woods and pastures new.

In a minute all the neighbours were pursuing her, and Master Harry Middleton, remembering the encumbrance of his bicycle when he had tried to grab some of Mr. Keppel's sausages, hurriedly propped the machine against the wall and then streaked off through the streets yelling, in professional newspaper-salesman's tones, the news of impending riot and looting. Soon the adjacent streets were pouring their tributaries of excited human beings into the main river of the thoroughfare where Mr. Schwartz's shop was situated.

Mr. Schwartz lived in a couple of rooms over the shops. Being a shrewd and thrifty man he had not installed the telephone since it was much cheaper to hire an errand boy at half a crown a week who possessed his own bicycle and who, when necessary, could scorch to Manchester wholesale warehouses with any special urgent orders.

To-day, as he heard the commotion outside and saw an unusual crowd of familiar faces of his customers, his heart rose in happy anticipation of unexpected business.

A fat, fussy little man with black, kinky, oily hair, he just gave one quick glance at the crowd outside, clapped his hands together and hurried through the departments calling his assistants to look smart; in a word, he behaved in the manner he considered to be appropriate to the proprietor of a successful retail business.

At the sound of Mr. Schwartz's voice there appeared, as from nowhere, a thin, prematurely bald, and very obsequious man by the name of Mr. Wilfred Smaule. Whenever Mr. Smaule addressed Mr. Schwartz he did so reverently, bowed his head deferentially, shook hands with himself, and acted as one would expect of an underpaid manager who had a wife and children to support.

He fell into step behind Mr. Schwartz, but at a respectful distance, and he loudly began to assert his authority. "Now then, Miss Smart, let's have those stock boxes straightened." "Miss Jenkins, there's some invoices on my desk for you," then, to one of Mr. Schwartz's agents who, wearing a raincoat and bicycle clips round the bottoms of his trousers, was handing in an order to another assistant: "Can't see you just yet, Binks," knowing quite well that Binks did not want to see him.

Mr. Smaule's hatred of his employer was only equalled by the ferocity of an ambition oneday, by unspecified and miraculous means, to open a rival weekly payment stores across the way, and, by virtue



PATRIOTISM

Drawing by ARTHUR WRAGG

of a natural superiority of business acumen, to be visited by a bankrupt frantic, grovelling Schwartz appealing for a truce. So vivid and real was this forlorn dream that Mr. Smaule, in the quietude of his home, actually had drafted an agreement between himself and his employer, wherein Smaule magnanimously undertook to pay the ruined Schwartz's debts provided the latter handed over his shops, lock, stock, and barrel, to be amalgamated in the stupendously successful firm of Wilfred Smaule and Company Limited, Mr. Schwartz to remain as manager at Mr. Smaule's present wage and commission. At present, the only thing lacking in the agreement was Mr. Schwartz's signature.

This morning, when in the tramcar on his way to work, Smaule's heart had leapt when he had read in his newspaper of the epidemic of anti-German rioting. Unfortunately, Mr. Smaule remembered, Schwartz was not a German, but a British subject who paid his taxes regularly.

When the commotion had first begun outside he had been looking out of the window of his office upstairs across to the shops opposite which he vainly dreamt of occupying as Schwartz's rival. Until he remembered the newspaper reports he wondered what was happening to everybody. He had gone very red in the face and his breathing had quickened when the crowd began to form opposite and stare hungrily at the plate-glass windows. But his pleasurable anticipation had been cut short by the sound of Mr. Schwartz's voice and Mr. Smaule had to hurry out to humble himself and demonstrate how zealous a servant he was.

As he followed Schwartz and looked at his fat neck he wanted, very gleefully and urgently, to push his nose into his employer's face and to tell Schwartz of his suspicions of the crowd's intentions. Of course, he would have to mask his real feelings, simulate apprehension and grave concern for the safety of his employer's possessions. Then it occurred to him that this, naturally, would forewarn Mr. Schwartz, who immediately would take the precaution of sending for the police. Instantly, Mr. Smaule dismissed any notion of giving Mr. Schwartz such an opportunity. Besides, these suspicions might be unfounded; then what sort of a fool would he, Smaule, look?

The moment Mr. Schwartz had departed to his own office to stand looking at the crowd, Smaule retired to his where he occupied himself similarly.

There now could be little doubt as to the crowd's intentions, at least in Mr. Smaule's excited mind. The crowd now thronged the opposite pavement, and as more people breathlessly arrived it

spilled into the roadway, advancing very cautiously with, now and again, an upraised fist which shook itself at the shop windows.

Faces wore such expressions as perplexed Mr. Schwartz. These people were his customers. There was Mrs. Harrop, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Jones, Jackson, Phillips, Bunter—wherever he looked he could identify them. But—but—— What was it all about? They were concentrated on his shops alone; they blocked the road at the shop's extremities, closing in more and more, the clear space in front of the windows diminishing as the numbers and the noise increased.

What were they all shouting? He could not distinguish anything because they were all shouting at once. Now and again he thought he heard "German spy," and it was some time before the incredible truth dawned that they *were* referring to him!

Immediately he grasped the staggering truth (but here, in England, though!) he rushed out and spluttered Smaule's name, who appeared instantly: "Shend for the polith. Shend for the polith," he cried, then, remembering his Rachel and the stories his father had told him concerning the Pogrom which had exiled him from his native Poland, he rushed to the living-room, locked the door, and began to pile furniture against it.

Outside the crowd was growing frenzied.

Master Harry Middleton, in the company of a number of boys small and large and all very dirty, their pockets bulging with stones, kept up a ceaseless booing, their hands cupped to their mouths.

Mrs. Middleton kept yelling: "Dirty German spy. Yah! Get back where you belong."

Mrs. Harrop's refrain was: "I've got a grandson in the trenches, I have."

"Why isn't 'e in the army?" somebody else was repeating. But nobody could hear what anybody else was shouting since all were too much occupied in trying to make themselves heard. Eyes glared, lips twitched, and suddenly, a fat woman, very red in the face, pushed her way through the crowd and, facing them, rolled up her sleeves and cried, jerking her thumb agitatedly towards Bride Street where Mr. Keppel's shop was: "What've they done to t'other German pig, Keppel, eh?"

"Boooo!" the kids shouted.

"An' 'asn't 'e," making a grimace of contempt and jerking her thumb over her shoulder to Mr. Schwartz's windows, "made his fortoon out o' the likes of us?"

Everybody now began to boo; and the more they yelled the more excitable they all became until, finally, Mrs. Harrop, quite beside herself, looked here and there for something to throw, and, seeing

a tin of condensed milk in the shopping basket of a woman who stood by her side, grabbed it and shuffled forward holding it aloft.

Silence. All watched on tiptoe of expectancy. Mrs. Harrop stepped on to the edge of the pavement, gathered her strength together, and flung the tin at the window with all her might, in a most clumsy fashion. She put so much energy into it that she overbalanced and fell on to her knees. The tin crashed against the window and bounced off. Instantly the boys began to hurl stones and half-bricks at the plate glass and upper windows. They splintered, smashed, and fell with an unholy clatter: assistants ducked under counters while the crowd, with a ferocious roar of approval, swarmed forward, kicking at the remaining glass with their clogs.

They invaded the windows, grabbing armfuls of the stock and, if they could, retreated immediately, laughing hysterically, their merriment ceasing and changing to indignant protest the instant anonymous hands tried to grab some of the loot.

Inside the shop stock boxes were being emptied. Once you got inside the shop it was impossible to get out again. Those who tried to do so, their arms filled with loot, found that even the expedient of yelling "Police, police," failed to disturb in the slightest the felonious occupations of the struggling multitude. Greed at seeing somebody grabbing a desirable something or other blinded one from everything save the desire to push and struggle and get your own hand into a yet unrifled stock box.

The Biblical prophecy of the last being first and the first last was exasperatingly being fulfilled in Mrs. Harrop's case, for all she had yet managed to get was a parcel of men's socks and any amount of kicks as she had struggled to her feet after having stumbled. She kept crying, "'Ere, now, 'ere. Who threw that there can?" What she really meant by those words was: "Since I was the one to have thrown the first stone it is only just and proper that I should be granted the privilege of making a leisurely choice of the things I want to take." But all she could think of was the repetitive plaint which already has been written.

She suddenly varied this when a Mrs. Hempling, whom she did not know, anticipated her by the fraction of a second in grabbing a pair of blucher boots. Mrs. Harrop immediately screamed: "You dirty, thieving, sneaking old faggot," and clawed at Mrs. Hempling's face who, drawing her head back out of reach, kicked, as she thought, Mrs. Harrop on the shin, replying: "Oh, you would, would you?" then pushed and squeezed and disappeared into the crowd. The shin belonged to a Mrs. Flaherty who instantly let go an armful of miscellaneous things which disappeared in a flourish of hands.

Presently, wild-looking women, very red in the face, began to force their way one by one into the street and through the excited and greedy crowd outside. The women hugged their stolen things jealously and cursed and kicked until they were free of the crush when they took the shortest cut to the pawnshop. Here and there a fight was in progress between two or more women disputants, who tore at each other's hair while other people grabbed the things over which they were fighting, the latter shaking with mirth as they disappeared.

Her grey hair streaming, Mrs. Harrop could be seen hurrying off wearing a man's brand new overcoat and carrying in her hands another overcoat, the socks, her shawl, and a pair of men's boots. She made directly for Messrs. Price and Jones's pawnshop where she pawned a coat for fifteen shillings. At Barber's pawnshop she got five shillings on the boots, then she deposited the socks and the other overcoat at home to be pawned later; meanwhile she called on Mrs. Sarah Ann Nattle and sold both pawntickets for a large "nip" of spirits, a currency Mrs. Nattle often used in these transactions.

Mrs. Harrop could not resist the temptation to return to Mr. Schwartz's shop where, in front of the wrecked and rifled premises, the police now stood guard. Newspaper men were taking pictures, and groups of angry latecomers who had only been able to get such useless things as pedestal hat-stands which they concealed out of sight of the police under their shawls, excitedly discussed where "we can go next."

Mrs. Harrop retired to the Duke of Gloucester public house which, by this time, was doing a roaring business and continued to do so until closing time, when the patrons went home obstreperously drunk, singing patriotic songs and none with a penny left in their purses.

Viewing the wreckage afterwards Mr. Smaule felt that he could not have done a better job himself, even with the aid of all those superhuman powers with which one is endowed in a dream. His own contribution was, as the police could be seen hurrying down the street, to push the cash-register (which represented to him Schwartz's success) on to the floor, where it smashed, he kicking some of the money under the counter to be retrieved later.

But his ecstatic satisfaction was short-lived when he discovered that he and his assistants were to be the only losers, since Schwartz said that Smaule's and the other assistants' services would not be required until the shops were rebuilt, and that, meanwhile, wages would not be paid. On the top of all this, Mr. Smaule discovered, to his intense mortification, that, being a man of business, Mr. Schwartz had insured the stock, shop, fixtures, fittings, and loss of trade for three times their value.

POETRY AND CIVILIZATION

By G. S. Fraser

"WE have here the voice of a generation that is, as it were, becoming acclimatized, or, to change the metaphor, acquiring new habits of balance, or learning to swim." Thus Dr. Leavis, some years ago, on Ronald Bottrall; and as the years roll by, as dust gathers even on that dialect, it becomes evident that this unhappy generation is certainly—to put things more brutally and briefly than Dr. Leavis would ever choose to put them—being "broken in." Dr. Leavis himself, an advocate of "minority culture," with sentimental leanings for aristocratic manners and rural life, can hardly be said, himself, to have become acclimatized. He is of a province, not of the megalopolis, to use Spengler's distinction. Our younger poets are all megalopolitans. They are intelligent, not wise; they know things from lucky reading and hard thought, not from the long ripening of experience. They live among abstractions—what Yeats calls "terrible stone dolls"; their humanity is in confessing a sensual or sentimental weakness, which they share with the masses—"Love made him weep his pints like you and me"—and in the desperate courage which a man needs who believes he lives in a world of imminent war and revolution. Their thought is so much the thought of the newspapers and of political pamphlets that they really feel themselves human only when they can give themselves up to the great surges of social feeling which are the base of that thought. Though they are civilized, they no longer react against the standards of the great uncivilized masses of modern society. They are incapable of really fundamental criticism, and they find themselves accepting quite easily the base luxuries of modern life. That is the reason why they are so popular, perhaps; they defend, they do not react.

I do not react myself, let me hasten to add. I, too, read detective stories, go to the pictures twice a week, listen in to the wireless, dramatize politics, soothe myself with Freud, am eternally smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee, discussing the future of the world. . . . Still, I cannot pretend that this pleasant, sedentary life of mine is really a good life, or that the environment to which I have adjusted myself is really a good environment. It is just that it is easier to conform, that solitude is unbearable, and that even at the cost of denying his faith a civilized man must escape the cross. And knowing that humble people have really virtues and a skill with their hands I cannot equal, that the inarticulate are sometimes beautiful, that



ETCHING
by GEOFFREY WYLDE

it is fun being part of the crowd, I make no effort to preserve myself (except this small, ceaseless commentator in my head) intact; I rather seek such experience as may be offered to the receptive, to the mild-mannered person, who makes the right commonplace remarks. Still, everything does not fit in, and that is why I myself sometimes have to write verses. And I imagine that in my reasons for writing verses, I am not eccentric; for in everything else I am a very usual type.

Therefore, let me hazard a generalization. Poems are usually written to work off steam. There is something we cannot tell anybody about, that worries us, so we put it into verse and tell the whole world about it. And once it is down in black and white, it doesn't worry us any more. Something that might have gone on troubling us, off and on, for years, has all been used up in one effort of writing. People read it, and if it is a good poem, they pity us, but they pity something which no longer exists. On the page, only the dead soul is crucified, and, like Pilate, we wash our hands. Poetry is a substitute for remorse, confession, or psychoanalysis. It is one way of getting rid of our troubles. . . . And with the younger poets, to-day, the chief trouble is loneliness, being too remote and intelligent, too civilized, and poetry is a definite gesture towards society. For society fears civilized people, it fears intelligence. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in *Time and the Western Man*, remarked that soon every intelligent person, from birth, merely in order to survive, would adopt a mask of imbecility and femininity—look weak and helpless, accept instruction from ordinary good nature, to show commonplace people where *they* score. To-day, this is a favourite theme with our younger poets. "An 'I' can never be a great man," says Spender—"Love made him weep his pints like you and me," says Auden. There is no need—this might be the gospel preached—to fear these "metal-hard natures," whom Spengler speaks of as being typical of a civilized age. The hardness of Caesar or Lenin is not fundamental, their motives are generous; they are "Men of the Democracy," as Spengler himself admits. "When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept."

There is a streak of feminine softness, then, in our young modern poets, like Auden and Spender; at the same time, they are politically ruthless. They attack the intellect, praise a natural rustic life, with animal satisfactions, but with them, as for all civilized people, the intellect is the real self. There is no soul in a great city, no soft region of cloudy meditation. So what is called the soul in man is less real, it must be kept in order by the intellect. But as everyone knows, it does not accept this subordination gladly; no great man without his vices, his wasteful passions, his bad dreams. Poetry is a safety-

valve, one can write poetry ; then, outside poems—having worked off in words all that steam—be even more civilized than the normal man, who cannot argue politely, for instance, without rather obviously repressing some emotions.

There is more insanity to-day than there ever was before. To live at the level of the intellect all the time is a terrible strain, and that is why our young poets, too civilized themselves, are fascinated with the condition of the dumb, driven masses. They sometimes desire a complete collapse into animality, make their ideal of happiness a life of sensuality and toil :

All of the women and most of the men
Shall work on the land and not think again.

So says Auden, and Mrs. Naomi Mitchison, an excellent naïve revolutionary, commends the sentiment—this is “one sort of good life.” Indeed, books like *Middletown* and almost any novel about America might show that it is not much of a remedy to have work to do, women to kiss, and never a chance to think ; hedonism, on that great continent, is a played-out philosophy. Nevertheless, our poets praise a sort of ideal America ; and for them this paradise for the lower-centres is associated with the most high-toned slogans, *liberty, progress, peace, the future of the world.*

This anti-intellectualism had its birth in philosophy long ago with Bergson and James. Poetry as usual comes after philosophy, and the most radical development of anti-intellectualism in poetry is with the Surrealists. The Surrealists have some fine poets among them, like Paul Eluard, but their doctrine makes nonsense of poetry and everything else. Everything is equally real, there is no hierarchy of values, we cannot select. Surrealism in fact has all the earmarks of a thoroughly revolutionary and destructive movement—and yet strangely enough it is harnessed to the defence of our present society, a society founded on Bentham and Stephenson, and almost oppressively rational, at this mechanical level. The real reason why Surrealism is the enemy of Fascism—a force really destructive and revolutionary, fatal to free speech, comfort, popular science manuals, and the ideal of eternal peace—is that Surrealism sees in our present society a revolt against a tyranny even more revolting than the tyranny of the utilitarian ideal, of the standards of the masses, of the obliging and exacting machine ; namely, the tyranny of the intellect. It is, probably, the belief of the Surrealist that with the further development of mechanical civilization, intellect, except in a ruling caste of overseers and engineers, will be unnecessary ; stupid, bewildered, well-fed, and full of fantasies like children, the masses will

perform their simple and monotonous tasks. The real world, with its elaborate and incomprehensible machinery, will seem as strange and terrible yet as providentially harmless to them as the world of their dreams.

Auden, in his essay in *The Arts To-Day*, quite frankly expresses a philosophy of this sort. He denies that knowledge has any sort of value in itself or except as it leads to useful action. Instead of the ideal of perfect knowledge of God he sets up the ideal of absolute sexual satisfaction. These ideals of action and satisfaction, of will and desire, of courage and pleasure, he expresses with great eloquence in his poems; but there is no doubt that his poetry derives its main merit from the fact that he himself is not the type of person whom he advertises. He himself is an intellectual, a master of expository prose; a person of very refined and subtle sensibilities, not in reality at all tolerant of vulgar emotions; and aware of his isolation, though deploring it. We thus have the odd phenomenon of a poet deprecating himself for everything which gives him distinction. About the philosophy which forces these odd tactics on Auden there must, I think, be really something wrong.

I think the fundamental fallacy in Auden's argument (and in the argument of any Communist poet) is the old fallacy of Hegel, that the best side always wins. Do the good always win, are the defeated always wicked? It does not seem so to me. Nobody who has studied the American Civil War, for instance, can doubt that the South had a much more charming and wholesome culture than the North; only the culture of the South had not the possibility of development in it; it was static, and even degenerating, and therefore the raw but growing North won. The *parvenu* is always ousting the aristocrat, but he is not necessarily nicer. Considering all this, it seems to me that Auden is stupid in insisting so much on the virtues of the winners, the wickedness of the defeated. He uses the dialectic of history almost as a revivalist uses hell-fire. He is morally indignant too easily. . . . It is probably true, indeed, that some sort of Socialism is going to win in Europe, but this proves nothing about values.

Auden has been called a "gutless Kipling." Obviously, he has guts, but like Kipling he sees things as set and just so. He is rather fond, too, of striking general poses, feeling vague emotions. Lines like

Now North and South and East and West
Those I love lie down to rest;
The moon looks on them all . . .

are beautiful, but do they do much more than touch off, easily, stock responses? Lines like

The wounded pride for which I weep
 You cannot staunch, nor I
 Control the moments of your sleep
 Nor hear the name you cry,

Whose life is lucky in your eyes,
 And precious is the bed
 As to his utter fancy lies
 The dark caressive head

are very beautiful, but do they do much more than add another successful fragment to the output of Professor Housman? Still, such verse is moving and beautiful, and I can never be very snobbish about moving and beautiful poetry. I am much more disturbed by a vigorous sectarian hate,

Because you saw but were not indignant
 The invasion of the great malignant
 Cambridge ulcer,
 That army intellectual
 Of every kind of liberal
 Smarmy with friendship, but of all
 There are none falser. . . .

This seems an excessive emotion to be aroused by such good-natured and helpful—though detached—writers as Ogden and Richards, Dr. Leavis, or William Empson. And this exultation over the failure of mysticism,

When through exhausting hours they'd flown
 From the alone to the Alone
 Nothing remained but the dry-as-bone
 Night of the soul,

seems an ungentlemanly way to treat what (after all) has often been a gallant sort of failure. It would be as easy to take up a contemptuous attitude towards Auden's Communism as a servile camp-following of a great dumb army which is obviously going to beat all comers. I still find Auden's poetry enormously exhilarating. But more and more (like all prophetic writers, I confess) he makes me want to put down the book and think out an argument; which I don't think a really tragic and humane poet should do.

On the other hand, Auden is genuinely an intellectual, even in his anti-intellectualism. When we turn to young modern poets who are apparently incapable of thinking clearly, of presenting anything but an arbitrary private landscape, we get something much less attractive—and much more in tune, I suppose, at the same time, with the ultimate ideals of the Surrealists. Take Dylan Thomas.

This was the crucifixion on the mountain,
 Time's nerve in vinegar, the gallow grave
 As tarred with blood as the bright thorns I wept. . . .

That is authentically in the "grand style." And the religious reference gives it a general appeal, a human interest. But this is not usual, and how far can the "grand style" compensate for a usual almost utter lack of ordinary human interest? Dylan Thomas's world (the world, like Auden's, we should remember, of a religiose and excitable *Welshman!*) is a world of flayed anatomies, of nightmare, where living becomes a stone hand put out against the gorgon's eyes: lust turns to horror,

Till tallow I blew from the wax's tower
The fats of midnight when the salt was singing. . . .
The bagpipe-breasted ladies in the deadweed
Blew out the blood gauze through the wound of manwax.

"Find meat on bones that soon have none,
And drink in the two milked crags,
The merriest marrow and the dregs
Before the ladies' breasts are hags
And the limbs are torn.
Disturb no winding-sheets, my son,
But when the ladies are cold as stone
Then hang a ram rose over the rags."

This is the sort of poetry (sadistic stuff, however admirable its form, however eloquent the wicked voice) which Miss Edith Sitwell can bring herself to praise. And her stomach turned at D. H. Lawrence, we must remember, who at least loved the sun and honesty till his last diseased days. Myself, I like to have the "unconscious"—or the "mob of the senses," as Plato called it—hard under my heel. I believe that my social self, my intellect, is the only thing that gives the rest of me unity. But unity is not fashionable nowadays, it is the thing that art and personality should be discontinuous—"a shifting change, a broken bundle of mirrors"—and no doubt by this romantic standard Dylan Thomas writes good poetry. Still, I think with his gifts he might write good poetry by my standards. One or two of his poems suggest that he is getting tired of his intense but unreal world of morbid sex and morbid religion. There is some hope that he may yet become a humane poet.

I have longed to move away
From the hissing of the spent lie
And the old terrors' continual cry,

and if he ever does "move away" (and one can have one's fill of horrors, even, in the end) the results should be splendid.

I can only think of one modern poet* who strikes me as truly civilized, as not making a compact with his lower self. Louis

* I am writing of the younger generation only, of course.

MacNeice comes from Belfast, a chance which, astonishingly enough, often seems to have a civilizing influence. He has more pictures and jokes than any other modern English poet, and his verse also makes a very pleasant sound (which Dylan Thomas's doesn't, generally, in spite of his "great lines": and the controlled cadences of Auden's voice, with the deliberate flop every now and then, are nice, but it is more what he says that is compelling—perhaps that is why he borrows bits of Housman, to keep his rhythm going). To illustrate the nice sound first of all,

I meet you in an evil time.
 The evil bells
 Put out of our heads, I think, the thought of everything else.

The quietude of a soft wind
 Will not rescind
 My debts to God, but gentle-skinned
 His finger probes. I lull myself
 In quiet in diet in riot in dreams,
 In dopes in drams in drums in dreams,
 Till God retire and the door shut.

Down the road someone is practising scales,
 The notes like little fishes vanish with a wink of tails. . . .

In the first of these quotations (where the statement—except that the Christmas bells are "evil"—is not very interesting) the use of sound is particularly good; the repetition of "evil," the tiny flaw in the rhyme of "bells" and "else"—the second line with the emphasis on the parenthetical "think"—like "clink!"—all these cause the voices to mock the chiming noise, and we are lured on. Mr. MacNeice's pictures are similarly fascinating; Circe, "glassy Circe,"

Something of glass about her, of dead water
 Chills and holds us,
 Far more fatal than painted flesh or the lodestone of live hair;

and pictures more precise

While the lawn-mower sings moving up and down
 Spirling its little fountain of vivid green,

And tilting by the noble curve, bus after tall bus comes,
 With an osculation of yellow light, with a glory like chrysanthemums.

Set these against your water-shafted air
 Of amethyst and moonstone, the horses' feet like bells of hair
 Shambling beneath the orange-cart, the beer-brown spring
 Guzzling between the heather, the green gush of Irish spring.

It is more difficult to illustrate his jokes, which are best in their

Mr. MacNeice is probably the only one of the poets I have mentioned who suggests a feasible attitude—other than heroics—to society as it is, here and now. He does not really react against it, like Yeats and Eliot; neither, like Auden or Spender, does he use it as his jumping-board into a future ideal America. He accepts it with pleasure and contempt, with a playful pessimism. He expresses, at the end of *Eclogue for Christmas*, what seems to me the only possible creed for a man, to-day, who has lively senses, balanced feelings, and a quick mind, but who feels quite unable—just because of his vivid, detailed view of things—to give himself to one or other of the great, inhuman political religions. It is the old “carpe diem,” but to-day that withered commonplace takes on a new and terrible greenness.

A: Let all these so ephemeral things
Be somehow permanent like the swallow's tangent wings.

That is a thoroughly reasonable attitude, I think, and it shows the value of an intellectual attitude in poetry. I remember myself once seeing birds wheeling in formation against a huddled background of bad buildings; and I thought how much more stable the pattern of flight was than the accidents and incongruities of stone, and how

little time has to do with value. I had often seen birds and buildings together before, but the thought gave the scene a new significance for me, it became a sort of symbol. It is thought, not imagination, which creates symbols, communicable signs, the special language of man; for the special gift of man is thought and not imagination. He is a "reasoning animal."



OCTOBER

Etching by ELIZABETH CORSELLIS

From "*The Book of Days*," by LLEWELYN POWYS (Golden Cockerel Press, 4 gns.)

IN THE PICTURE

By Michael Voronetz

WHEN I lived in Peking, I was friendly with a Chinese couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hsu. They were young, rich, and cultured. Both had taken American college degrees, both spoke English perfectly, and their life was an amusing mixture of all the best and most attractive offered by the East and the West. Hsu painted and painted very well. His wife wrote in Chinese and in English. He affected brogues, reach-me-downs, blazers hurtful to the eye, and flat hats. She, on the other hand, wore Chinese dress, her only concessions to Western fashions being her bell-shaped trousers and high-heeled shoes. But, though high, those heels did little to enhance her stature, for she was the tiniest woman I have ever seen—tiny, and as elegant as only small women know how to be.

I used to visit them freely at their fine old place, full of ancient trees, just inside the North Gate of the city; and they often came to me in the same informal manner, both in town and at Tao-Miao, a little temple some five miles from Peking which I always rented in the summer. We used to drink green tea and French liqueurs, and talk of every conceivable thing under the sun.

Now, I am forty and an Assistant-Commissioner of Customs. When not inventing new import duties, I am a horseman, golfer, rod, gun, and oar, which speaks for itself. I take an interested, though sane, view of things, but it was very different with them. Their old Chinese house boasted modern bathrooms and wireless, and yet they thought themselves at the mercy of all sorts of fantastic influences and beings.

One night, I remember, we were lounging after dinner at their place, and Mrs. Hsu, perched on the arm of her husband's chair, a cigarette in one hand and a glass of liqueur in the other, was pressing me as follows:

"Please try to understand, Mr. Roberts. All things exist in matter and in name. Therefore, a Thing and its Name are one, and the substance of being flows back and forth from the one to the other. Sometimes the material Thing lives, sometimes its Name. As a rule the uttering of the Name precipitates the Thing, and not only a Thing which already exists in matter, but even something painted or carefully imagined. Is it quite clear?"

"Oh, quite, quite," I laughed. I was lying in an armchair, feeling deliciously lazy after that exquisite Sino-American dinner. "To get a

Thing we utter its Name. For instance, I want some brandy. I visualize it, I shout, 'Brandy, brandy!' And lo! . . ."

Hsu, the perfect host, jumped up and refilled my glass with brandy, whereupon his wife, who laughed easily and well, simply shrieked with laughter. "Oh, Mr. Roberts! You are so funny, so funny!" Then, calming: "But I don't think you've understood it. Let's take me as an example. Now, I'm a female of the human species——"

"And a charming specimen," I murmured.

"Never mind that. I am such a female, and my first name is Li-Mei. I and my name are one. Sometimes I exist in person, and sometimes only in name. If I went out of the room, I'd be a mere name; but if you called, Li-Mei, Li-Mei, and I came back, my name would become myself, wouldn't it?"

"I could sit here for ever just uttering your name," I sighed, rolling my eyes at the ceiling.

In desperation she bared her teeth and made as if to throw her fan at me, but here her husband intervened.

"She's off the point," he said. "Let me explain. Supposing I painted a tiger and painted it perfectly—in fact, so well that I'd opened its eyes—then called, 'Tiger, tiger.' What would happen?"

"Well, what?"

"He'd jump on me and tear me to pieces."

"What, a painted tiger!" I exclaimed, and gaped at him, trying to think of something comic to say. But on second thought it occurred to me that the serious treatment of the matter might be the more amusing. "Oh well, of course, if you opened its eyes," I drawled, as if dealing with a commonplace. "But how would you do it?"

Hsu rose to it like a trout to a fly. "Ah, it only needs a touch, a dot. You draw a face and it is dead. Then, a mere dot on the eyes, and they see, and the face lives. Of course, in the case of a painted tiger it wouldn't be enough to touch the eyes—the eyes of the whole situation must be opened, which is far more difficult because we've lost the art. But if you could do it, and did it, you'd have a tiger standing before you in the flesh."

"And would it come from the name or the picture?" I asked, mildly interested.

"It would come from both: from the ether charged with the idea of a tiger. How shall I put it? Well, you know what electroplating is, don't you? The salts of a metal are dissolved in a liquid, and the solution gives no outward indications of their presence. But if you subject it to the action of an electric current, down comes, not the salts, but the metal. In the case of electroplating the eye-opening

factor is the electric current; in that of a painted tiger it is the uttering of its name——”

“Provided the ether is properly charged with the salts of a tiger,” I broke in smartly, and nearly had Mrs. Hsu in hysterics. But, as Hsu was not laughing, I decided to beat a retreat. “Oh well,” I continued, “since painted tigers can be so dangerous, I’ll henceforth have mine photographed. Anyway, a stereoscopic picture is more lifelike than a painting.”

“If I painted a picture and opened its eyes,” he said softly, “it would be stereoscopic.”

“Oh, go on!” I laughed. “Let’s have some more of that delicious brandy.”

That conversation took place early in May, the day before I left on my annual round of inspection. The next day they saw me off at the station, and Hsu asked for permission to use my temple Tao-Miao in my absence, which I gladly gave him. I was away six weeks; then the summing-up of my impressions took another week or two, so that fully two months passed before it occurred to me to look up the Hsu’s.

The day happened to be a slack one. I slipped out of the office at four o’clock and motored to them with a view to asking for a cup of tea. They were at home. In fact, the moment I was announced Mrs. Hsu ran out, bubbling with excitement.

“Oh, Mr. Roberts! How nice of you to come! My husband wants to show you something marvellous, marvellous.”

“Please define that something marvellous,” I suggested, but before she could begin, Hsu pranced out like a frisking colt.

“Want to see a stereoscopic painting?” he asked breathlessly.

“Of course,” I laughed, “provided I get some tea.”

“Come, then,” he said pompously, “come into the presence of an ancient art reborn.”

They took me by the arms and we marched along a stony path, past a marble pond swarming with goldfish, to a studio concealed in the depth of the garden. To my surprise the door was locked, quite an unusual precaution. Hsu opened it, and the next moment I beheld a panoramic presentation of an interior most familiar to me, that of my lounge at Tao-Miao. I recognized the paper ceiling with cobwebs in the corners, the whitewashed walls and stone floor, with here and there a piece of colourful matting. The scattered basket-chairs, the sofa in the middle of the room, and the desk by the wall on the right were marvellously faithful reproductions; as to my Tang figurines on the shelves, they were a delight to the eye. And it was all so neatly done that, hard as I looked for the line where palpable objects gave place to painted background, I could not see it.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, it's most lifelike," I said, "but I thought you wanted me to see a painting. This, of course, is only partly a painting."

"You think so?" He was positively effervescing with joy. "And yet it is all a painting—nothing but paint on thick silk. It cost me over three hundred dollars to cover all that back wall with silk."

I glanced suspiciously at his Sino-American figure. His reach-me-downs, his flowing tie, that hat on the back of his head! An ancient art reborn—piffle! So certain was I that he was joking that I disdained even to argue with him.

"What I can't understand," I said petulantly, "is why you have set up that poor lounge of mine in such a messy condition."

And, indeed, the room was in a state of terrible disorder. My clay tobacco jar was on the floor by the sofa; the chairs and tables were littered with pipes, golf clubs, and books in a profusion which was positively stunning. There was a pile of saddles in a corner, and a rocking-chair, half visible behind the sofa, was draped in a horse blanket.

"But that's how you left it when you went away," giggled Hsu. "I've been there many times to get the exact shape and position of things. It had to be correct in every detail, you know, or the eye of the picture wouldn't open."

"There he goes again," I moaned. "The eye of the picture! And supposing you've really opened it—which I do not admit—how did you do it?"

He smiled coyly at me. "Ah, now you're asking questions."

"Which you can't answer," I snapped. "Well, I also have eyes which are open. I say, Mrs. Hsu, let's unmask this gentle impostor; let's go and sit on that would-be painted sofa of his. Shall we?"

"Yes, let's, Mr. Roberts," she laughed, "and then I'll give you some tea."

I gave her my arm and we walked towards and into the ensemble. We came upon no hindrances, of course, no canvas or netting. When we stepped on the stone floor of the lounge, Hsu, who had stayed behind, emitted a funny little squeak to which we paid no attention. The place was still like a cellar and reeked of some Chinese varnish.

"Just as I thought," I said to my companion. "Ordinary furniture and things standing and lying about. Why does your husband insist on calling this a painting?"

"Oh, look, look!" exclaimed Mrs. Hsu, pointing at something behind the sofa.

I complied and was surprised. The rocker draped in the horse blanket existed only in the part visible from outside, the part not

hidden behind the sofa. Most of its left side was missing, and the remainder, as vividly outstanding as any real chair, seemed suspended in the air.

"Now, this is really clever," I said. "Bits of solid fronts tacked on to a painted background. But don't move. Let's see if our eyes can penetrate this cunning illusion."

Having said that, I sat down on the arm of the nearest chair, and fell, because the chair was absolutely unsubstantial. It was a ghost or simulacrum of a chair; but I did not fall on the floor. Half-way through it I was suddenly fixed—yes, fixed, as I can think of no other word to describe that experience. I was caught in a grasp of steel, spread, flattened. All sounds were shut off from my ears, and my sight went so completely that even darkness could not be seen. All feeling vanished from the front of my body and its lower part, beginning from the waist. It was as though I had no face or chest or legs or forearms. Meanwhile, my back exposure, now acutely sensitive, seemed stretched out on a smooth surface, exactly like a wet handkerchief on a mirror. I felt that surface clinging to the inside of my neck and back, which seemed to have attained the thinness of tissue paper. And apart from that sensation, only my brain lived, just enough to keep me conscious of the situation.

It transpired later that the above smooth surface was silk, the silk that cost Hsu upwards of three hundred dollars. But I did not guess it at the time. Besides, the predicament lasted only an instant, and back I swelled, or bulged out, to my usual proportions. Again I could feel my whole body, and keenly, as every inch of it, every joint, hair, and pimple, was in close contact with some enveloping substance. A beastly feeling it was, the very feeling Egyptian mummies would experience, were they able to feel. It was like being buried alive in sand or poured into a solid block of rubber. That substance, reeking of varnish, held me quite motionless, unable even to twitch a lip or flick an eyelid. But my internal arrangements were still at work. Loud pulsations were ticking all over my body; there was the heavy thumping of my heart, striving to pump the blood through my airless lungs. I was alive, I wanted to move, to breathe, but my mouth was closed and air completely absent.

Oh, that immobility! Oh, that ghastly inability to struggle, that terrible feeling of suffocation! Wild panic raging in my brain, I yelled, though probably only in my mouth, "Hsu! Mrs. Hsu! Li-Mei, Li-Mei!"

Immediately I felt a touch on my right arm where her hand should still have been.

That stirred an even greater upheaval in my mind. There came

a flash of understanding, but it was yet so faint, so imperfect. A host of ragged, scattered ideas had rushed into my head: paintings with eyes open, and closing; the Name begetting the Thing; electroplating; and pictures with eyes closed which yet might open. I knew that something must be done, or said, or even only thought that very instant; that a minute later it might be too late. And there it was, that hazy idea, hovering in my mind, eluding my attempts to grasp it. Oh, the despair, the fear of losing it, the suffering!

And suddenly I got it, clear and bright——

"Tao-MiaO!" I shrieked with all my might—and fetched with a heavy bump on the stone floor.

All had relaxed. That dreadful enveloping substance had vanished, and I was free to hear and see and struggle. But for a time I lay where I fell, spluttering, while my lungs worked furiously, sucking in the sweet and plentiful air. Then I sat up. Close to me was little Mrs. Hsu, apparently in a faint. All round us was that still and stuffy interior. Would it wrap us up again in its terrible embrace?

I screamed with fear. I snatched up Mrs. Hsu and ran, but only to stop at a wall, the fourth wall with doors and windows, which Hsu had not included in the tableau. That nearly floored me again. It flashed across my mind that Hsu was mad; that he had trapped us there; that we were doomed for ever to remain, and to perish, in that ghostly lounge.

I slumped into the nearest chair and tried to steady my nerves. My teeth were rattling; my body shook so violently that I could not keep my feet on the floor, and the little woman in my arms was bouncing on my knees. Soon she half opened her eyes and sighed.

"Don't ask me where you are," I stuttered, at grips with my teeth, "because I couldn't tell you."

"Where am I?" she moaned, in Chinese.

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, you are in my arms, on my knees."

"Oh!" she gasped, and made unnecessary frantic efforts to free herself, eventually sliding down on the floor. "Oh, Mr. Roberts, you mustn't do that."

"I know I mustn't," I mumbled. "I only tried to take you out of this, but it can't be done. The fourth wall has come up and blocked us in."

"The fourth wall!" She gave it a panicky look and jumped straight back on my knees. "Oh, Mr. Roberts, I am afraid, afraid, afraid!" she whimpered, hiding her face on my breast.

I patted her gently on the back. "There, there, little girl. Don't fret. Let's think it over calmly, for I'm beginning to see little glimmers

of light. Tell me, did you notice something just now, or was it merely my imagination?"

She looked up tearfully. "Noticed what?"

"Well, didn't this chair creak when you came back to me so impetuously?"

"Didn't you fall through one a while ago?" she asked, on the *qui vive*.

I nodded. "That's just it. And now we're sitting comfortably in a similar chair. After all, one can only sit in real chairs, you know, especially two people at a time."

She looked at me suspiciously and jumped off my knees.

"What I want to convey to you," I continued, "is this: I am now convinced that we are in a painting——"

"In a what!" she cried, bewildered.

"In your husband's painting. You see, it was originally enlivened with light effects which filled it with space and made painted likenesses stand out as if they were real. Then something happened and this chair became a real chair. Supposing we now tried the other things to see if they are also tangible?"

"And what if something awful happens again?" she asked tremulously.

But I pooh-poohed the idea, and she crept with me across the lounge, clinging to an arm of mine with both hands. On the way we felt and scrutinized a number of objects covered with very real dust. After a brief test of the sofa, which bore our weight without flinching, I threw a copy of the *Compleat Angler* at a pile of golf clubs on the desk, and heard them rattle on the floor in a perfectly natural manner.

"They're solid enough," I said contentedly, "and so, presumably, is this."

We had come to the rocker which was now complete in every detail. I kicked it, and kicked it again and again, until it upset, spilling the horse blanket. Its simple behaviour had a marvellous cheering effect on Mrs. Hsu. She let go of my arm; she even tripped all by herself to a low table near by and picked up a box of cigarettes.

"I'll just see if these exist in matter," she twittered. "May I have one?"

I begged her to help herself, and lit a pipe filled with tobacco from the jar on the floor.

"Quite natural, what?" she said, her eyes sparkling.

"And heavenly," I agreed, choking with smoke. "I say, what an experience we've had! Nothing like this has happened to me since two years ago, when I was kicked out of bed by the memory of a

defunct and much-lamented mare. But that was after a paper-hunt dinner. Well, you know, lots of Camembert and port and nuts."

But, to my surprise, she was not even listening. She was staring hard at something. Her hand came up slowly and clutched my arm; and suddenly she clapped her hands with joy.

"Mr. Roberts, look! A bird! There, on the bush!"

I looked—where I should have looked before—at one of the windows, and sure enough, on the lilac bush outside there sat a sparrow. It was an ordinary rather dirty sparrow, but it was jerkily, aggressively alive. As such, it was a brilliant revelation, and how I loved him! In two leaps I was by that window, and threw it open.

"Hurrray!" I yelled. "I know this bush and this yard. And look, d'you see that cow? I know her, too; it's my cow Lucy. And damn it all, this isn't your husband's picture. It's Tao-Miao, the real Tao-Miao."

Again I snatched up Mrs. Hsu and performed a wild dance, Nigerian in conception, while she wriggled in my arms, gasping: "Mr. Roberts, do let me down. Please! Mr. Roberts, you are as big and as strong as a buffalo and just as silly."

And once again on her feet, she smoothed her hair and said, looking sorely puzzled: "I can't understand it. It's Tao-Miao, of course, but how did we get here, Mr. Roberts?"

"No doubt, through the open eye of the picture," I replied lightly.

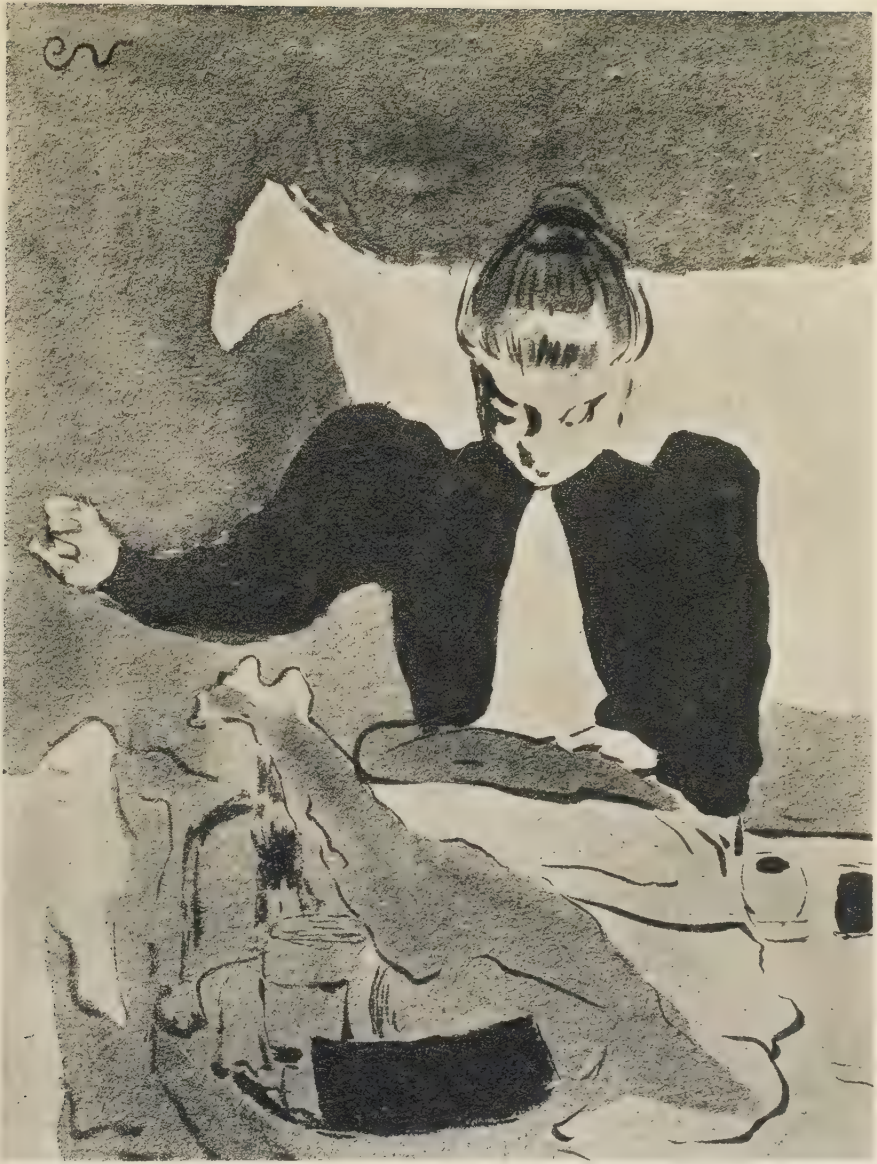
But she was neither amused nor satisfied. "It is all very well for you to talk like that," she said impatiently. "It's rather awkward, you know, just you and I getting out here together. I hope nobody will know."

The sweet ingratitude of it! I wanted to cheer her logic, but since the matter could not be treated with levity, I only said stiffly, "You've nothing to fear, Madam. Believe me, nobody will know, except, of course, your husband, and he has only himself to blame. Wasn't it his infernal picture?"

And that, somehow, awakened in me the hospitable host. I realized that, what with one thing and another, Mrs. Hsu had not yet had any tea. I offered to get some together for her, but it served only to remind her of her husband, alone in the studio and probably half dead with anxiety. She declared herself for going home at once, in which I acquiesced. I told her that the coolie I permanently kept at Tao-Miao would get us a couple of donkeys, and pointed out that as a means of transport they would be slow, but oh, so safe!

We went to the door, but it refused to open.

"Locked in!" she wailed, paling with fear.



FEMME COUSANT

by E. VUILLARD

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"Of course," I said. "The servants are in town and the place is shut up. Let's get out through the window."

And that we did.

How I enjoyed that five-mile donkey ride through sunny fields, past brown huts and mossy tombs so placid in their clumps of trees! What a delight it was to sit astride the little beast, to hear one's boots swishing in the long grass on the sides of the path! Seated sideways on the leading donkey was Mrs. Hsu, her silken ankles and high-heeled shoes protruding daintily from somewhat cocked-up trousers. Kuan-Yin herself could not have looked more graceful on her dragon.

We found Hsu in the studio, perched on a high stool and gazing tragically at the picture. When I said, "Mrs. Hsu, behold the torment of an eye-opening artist," he jumped down and blinked at us, unable to believe his eyes. Then he caught Mrs. Hsu in his arms and hugged her, emitting gurgling sounds to which she replied in kind. And I, meanwhile, was staring at the picture. It was amazing. That fine stereoscopic effect had vanished and what remained was just an ordinary painting, in good repair but for some four square feet in the middle where the paint had fallen off, almost obliterating one of the basket-chairs in the foreground. It was the chair through which I had fallen.

The next ten minutes were taken up with a disorderly account of our ordeal and Hsu's impressions of it. He saw it all—my fall, the collapse of the picture which transformed us into painted figures, and how we regained our cubic dimensions, though still (so he swore) within, or beneath, the paint. He thought that, by falling, I had closed the eye of the picture.

"I sat on it," I said smugly.

Mrs. Hsu was seized with fits of convulsive laughter. "Oh, Mr. Roberts, don't! You are so funny, so funny!"

But Hsu and I preserved our gravity.

"What I want to know is how did you get out," he said with an air of preoccupation.

"Why, on the principle that the uttering of the Name begets the Thing," I replied nonchalantly.

"Meaning?"

"The first thing I did was to call Mr. Roberts by name," explained Mrs. Hsu.

"And I remember doing the same for her," I said. "That's what restored us in bulk, we being the painted Things. As to the rest, it was simplicity itself. I just shouted Tao-Miao and converted the painted likeness into the real thing."

"M'yes," muttered Hsu, deep in thought.

"What do you mean by m'yes?" I protested. "Isn't it what you said would happen with a painted tiger?"

"Oh, yes, yes, of course," he hastened to agree. "But don't you see, Mr. Roberts, all natural phenomena must have their mathematical co-ordinates. Now, let me see. You are originally three-dimensional. You get reduced to two dimensions. You swell again into three, though still within only two dimensions. Aha, I've got it: that's where the fourth dimension came in."

"And saved us," murmured Mrs. Hsu. She sat on the stool, bolt upright, gazing at me with huge, star-like eyes.

And suddenly her husband slammed himself on the forehead, as if shocked with his own remissness. He tore to the cabinet where he kept his drinks, grabbed a decanter of whisky, pushed a glass into my hand. "Mr. Roberts, please say when."

But I was looking sadly at the picture. "Hsu, old man," I said, "I'm awfully sorry to've ruined that lifelike effect. But, damn it, you might be able to restore it by painting in what's missing of that chair."

And in a flash Mrs. Hsu stood between me and the picture. "That, Mr. Roberts," she drawled, "I can promise you he'll never do."

My glass was half full of whisky.

"When," I said.



Pen drawing by H. BLACKER

THE FILM SITUATION

By John Grierson

IN discussing the Government's plan of protection for the film industry I must avoid, if I can, the jargon in which most of us have been recently discussing it. It is quite clear that no one outside Wardour Street understands what we are talking about. As for Wardour Street itself, every voice, as usual, is pitched so high that no articulate account of our film problems emerges from the babble. The layman has good cause for his confusion. Wardour Street is a maelstrom of conflicting interests; in no other industry is there so fierce an interest in money-making for its own sake; and sectional interests inevitably take precedence over the one interest which concerns the general public. That, of course, is the goodness of its pictures. National, even trade policies, fail to emerge. "What do I get out of it?" "I'm not in this for my health," "Get yours while the getting's good," are the common phrases of Wardour Street's peculiar dialect. By the time all sections are shouting this sort of language together (we have had much of it over the past three months), a pack of wolves is a landscape decoration in comparison.

On the one side are lined up the Americans, mobilized in powerful packs known as United Artists, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount, and so on. They have their own studios in America, carry their own renting establishments, and own, or control, directly or indirectly, their own groups of theatres. They are imperial traders on a grand scale, and Great Britain is a colony equivalent in exploitation value to the Belgian Congo of two generations ago. Their interest is to hold the market at all costs; and their participation in British film affairs has accordingly been rather more successful than glorious. They have squeezed every penny out of it for their American financiers and have given as little in return as the law allowed. Faced with the protection bill of 1927, which insisted on their acquisition and rental of a proportion of British films, they met their legal obligations at the lowest possible cost. They had British films produced for them at one pound a foot, or five thousand pounds odd a picture, which is a starveling sum considering the high costs of film production. It meant the deliberate and cynical exploitation of British technicians; it meant grinding the faces of young English directors in the dust of cheap and nasty production conditions. But no matter: the commercial cause of the American film was the better served. Much as one admires the

creative qualities of the American film, there is this to be said for its representatives in England, that their activities during the past ten years will take some forgetting. They have brought contempt on the British film, and viciously.

But to get the balance of the situation, it is necessary to appreciate the full weight of the American influence. In effect, they own the British film world, and for several good reasons. The American films are, from a popular point of view, the biggest and best in the world. They have mastered the art of popular narrative; they have had the genius to pack the unquestionable ability of American writing, American production, and American acting behind every film they send us. They have mastered the art of creating those star names and personalities which—whatever the aesthetes and sociologists may say—do succeed in “pulling the people in.” As a result they have the exhibitors—no matter how patriotic—at their alien feet. It is all very well to say that they have the great advantage of a twenty years’ start and the further advantage of a much larger film-going market on their American doorstep. The fact remains that they control the situation. Except for Mr. Maxwell’s ABC circuit of theatres, and Mr. Ostrer’s circuit, the major theatre groups are directly or indirectly affiliated.

An examination of British production will show a similar affiliation to American interests. It would be naïve to suppose that British film producers make their British films out of the freedom of their little British hearts. Few do. The Americans have the power of circulation and especially have they the power of circulation in America, and there is hardly a producer who does not dream of suiting his film to the American mind. Nor have all the producers British hearts to make British films out of. Now that the quota quickie has been shown up as a sinister example of American commercial manoeuvre, one finds the various American companies speedily lining up more respectable arrangements. But, significantly, they seem to involve the importation of American production chiefs, American scenarists, American directors, and American stars. Here and there are apparent exceptions, as in the case of United Artists’ affiliation with London Films, but the roster of foreign-born chiefs in creative control of British film production is, to say the least, impressive.

That is one side of the problem and it is worth emphasis at a time when the British public is discussing what it imagines to be a Government plan for the encouragement of a truly British cinema. One serious question we shall have to ask as we consider the legislative proposals of the Government is whether encouragement is being given to foreign films made in Britain, or to British films

made in Britain. From a national point of view there is a vital distinction.

What then of the British side of the picture? We have the poor native film producers. They are glad of a job from the Americans and are willing for the most part to take orders even at one pound a foot. Now that the quota quickie is being banned and the Americans are setting up their own production units, they are unfortunately not receiving any orders. Of exceptions like Korda and Wilcox, who have made arrangements for high-priced pictures with American renters, it is difficult to believe that in the circumstances they will maintain their creative independence.

Among the exhibitors, the bigger fellows have either a direct arrangement with the Americans for their product or live in hope of making one. The smaller fellows, reliant on the scraps left over from the rich man's table, are the ones who are most anxious to see the growth of independent British production. They need films to show against the star films of the big circuits; they need as many films as possible to maintain their bargaining power. The anomalous situation therefore arises that the independent exhibitor—the small shopkeeper of the movies—is so eager to stand in with the independent producer that he even finds himself side by side with the aesthete. The Ken Nymans and the Len Lyes are, for a moment, brothers under the skin. Another interesting fact has been emerging over the past couple of years. The independent exhibitors have been finding that the local or British touch has a box-office virtue of its own, even where star names do not compare in publicity power with the Americans. Indeed, relatively unimportant British films, without considerable West-End prestige, have been doing better than the great masterworks of Elstree and Denham. John Baxter's pictures stir the heart of Wales more deeply than anything out of Culver City, and the works of the Mancunian Film Corporation show a return on production expenditure which would startle the shareholders of our more ambitious companies. The result is that in his queer way the independent exhibitor has given greater encouragement than anyone else to the native-born film-maker. It may be that his demands are simple and that his insistence on comedy amounts to an *idée fixe*, but there is no question that he appreciates the British article, and has learned to thrive on it.

The only other major figures in the situation are Maxwell and Ostrer, who are in a curious position. They have betted on the emergence of a powerful British cinema, equipped themselves with large studios, high-powered renting organizations, and vast circuits of theatres, just like the Americans. But their certain market is very

much smaller, for they have only the population of Great Britain to play with. Each has followed a different policy. Maxwell has costed his films carefully for the British market and taken no chance on what might accrue to him from export abroad. The result is that he has recovered his costs continuously and is to-day the most solidly based figure in the British cinema. The only price he has paid for his Scots canniness is that he has produced hardly anything of aesthetic distinction. Ostrer, optimistically believing that an American market would mature for a braver and more sumptuous article, has put much larger sums into his films. The price he has paid for his gamble is reflected in the closing down of his American renting organization, and his Shepherd's Bush studios are for the moment dead to the world.

The moral of all this is fairly clear. Only two policies have so far succeeded in the British cinema. The first is to play with the Americans. They may destroy your British identity, but they will pay you money, if they have to, even if it is only one pound a foot. The second is to produce for your own British market and let the dreams of world conquest go by till, like the Americans, you have mastered the art of brilliant writing, brilliant direction, brilliant acting, and brilliant star value. How much we have lost by failing to learn this last lesson only the City knows. In one film, *Henry VIII*, we once for a moment greatly succeeded in achieving a world success. On its heels came one adventurer after another, maintaining that it only needed a generous expenditure of production money to create a host of successors. The material—and particularly the human material—was not there. Without a long period of apprenticeship, and to British life as much as to American contracts, it is not likely to emerge.

Against this background set and judge the legislative proposals of the Government:

- (1) The quota for long films is to be 15 per cent for renters and 10 per cent for exhibitors in the first year of the new legislation, and 20 per cent for renters and 15 per cent for exhibitors in the second year.
- (2) The Bill is to include a schedule providing for an increase in renters' quota for long films to 30 per cent, and in exhibitors' quota to 25 per cent by stages over the ten-year period.
- (3) A British long film on which at least £1 a foot with a minimum of £7,500 has been expended in labour costs to be entitled to registration for renters' quota. Any other British long film is to be registered for renters' quota if it has special entertainment value.
- (4) A British long film on which at least £3 a foot with a minimum of £22,500 has been expended in labour costs is to count at twice its length for renters' quota.
- (5) The acquisition by a renter for not less than £20,000 of the rights for one

foreign country of a British long film which is made in Great Britain and on which at least £3 a foot, with a minimum of £22,500, has been expended in labour costs, is to be regarded as equivalent to the acquisition for renting in Great Britain of a British film of the same length.

- (6) A separate quota is to be instituted for short films; the initial quotas to be 10 per cent for renters and 5 per cent for exhibitors, and these quotas to increase by stages over the ten-year period to 20 per cent for renters and 15 per cent for exhibition.
- (7) The Board of Trade is to be assisted in the administration of the new legislation by an Advisory Committee constituted on the same lines as the existing Committee.

The positive effects of these proposals are apparent. The quota quickie of ill repute is made impossible. Encouragement is given to American renters to invest in more ambitious films of British manufacture. A first attempt is made to secure a reciprocity arrangement by which films made here will be given distribution in the United States. The producers of short films—the documentary people, for example—are given for the first time some official recognition. Yet the proposals have met with vigorous criticism and principally from three of the parties whose interests I have described above. For the independent producer, £7,500 labour cost (which is equivalent to £12,000–£15,000 picture cost) is a relatively large sum to find and risk. If he wants full access to the market and cannot find this sum he must submit to the good graces of the Board of Trade and its advisers, who may grant him exemption on grounds of quality. Unfortunately the Advisory Committee, if formed on the model of the existing one, will simply represent the major film interests who have driven him into independence. There is in fact no guarantee in the proposals that the judgment of quality will be wise or that the independent's right of survival will be maintained. The independent exhibitor complains that by discouraging the independent producer his supply of films is threatened and his bargaining power likely to be diminished. The shorts producer complains that 5 per cent of shorts time is 5 per cent of 5 per cent of theatre running time, or fifteen seconds every hundred minutes. He naturally wants to know where the protection comes in, for he is facing a dumped market in which the American practice is to throw their shorts "in with the features." But the real and final source of discouragement is that no distinction is drawn between foreign films made in Britain and British films made in Britain. There is still nothing to prevent the creative control of British production by aliens. Granting that the Government has met some of the more serious problems of the situation, this most considerable of all the problems of the British cinema is as far from solution as ever.

NATURALIZATION

By M. Edelbaum

MR. SHWARTZMAN has become a living corpse. After the last letter from the Home Office reached him he was stricken with a melancholy. He considers the letter as a personal insult which devours him like a cankerworm.

Though Mr. Schwartzman is aware of King Solomon's proverb, "Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop," he does not avail himself of it, as, though he deserved the insult, he is ashamed to speak of it to someone else.

Mr. Schwartzman is a man of the world and knows the peculiar faults of people. They will listen attentively to you, they will help you sigh and show you pity. But behind your back they will stick out their tongues and will say, "This thing is not as simple as it seems; he is not entirely innocent." Therefore he carries the insult within his breast, and he is almost bursting.

The more Mr. Schwartzman thinks of it the greater his aggravation. To his unending grief he himself did not read the letter. Mr. Schwartzman does not read English. He thinks that he was deceived, that he was not told the whole truth. He would gladly have given the letter to someone else to read word by word to him. Unfortunately in his fit of anger he threw the letter into the fire. Thus he imagines that the letter was much worse. At daytime he forgets somewhat his worry. Business and noise divert his mind from his personal worries. But with dusk the dark shadows return to torture him.

Mr. Schwartzman thinks himself as good an Englishman as the next person. The fact that he can neither write nor speak English does not seem to him anything unusual. What is there in a language? Aren't there any deaf and dumb Englishmen? In Poland, whence he came, he never spoke nor understood either Polish or Russian. Wasn't he a citizen? Did not the Tsar call upon him to enter military service? And wasn't he compelled on account of it to flee his country and leave a wife with a child in her arms and another one under her apron? There in Tsarist Russia he suffered at the hands of the Anti-semitic Government and could not give his service to the Tsar. But here, in this free country, he lives happily and is ready to defend King and Country with his life. His love for this country is exceedingly great and sincere. And small wonder!

The years of his abode in this country are double the number of years he lived in the country of his birth. Here he has a family, he is a husband, a father, a grandfather, and is surrounded with a large circle of relatives and friends. Beyond the English Channel, in his native land, he has not a single friend. The only thing which reminds him of the land of his origin and causes him to visit it is his parents' graves over which two silent memorial stones stand guard. They are the only two silent witnesses of his relation with a land with which he has nothing in common.

Mr. Shwartzman feels he has lost his usual grip and is heading towards catastrophe.

His wife started the trouble. Since his two daughters married foreigners and went to live away from home, one in Amsterdam and the other in Basel, his wife began to nag him to apply for naturalization.

"Zelig," she would say, "why not become British? See what this means. You and I would be able to see our children abroad at any time. Now this is almost impossible. As aliens we need passports and visas wherever we intend to go." Mr. Shwartzman declined at first to listen to his wife and her arguments. He tried to argue with her. "Look, Rachel," he said, "we are not short of the extra few pounds. Why bother about naturalization?" Seeing that this argument does not lessen her insistence in the least, he resorted to another argument. He once took his grey beard in his hand and said: "Look at my grey hairs, Rachel dear. You think we ought now to worry about naturalization? Isn't it high time to prepare ourselves to receive the citizenship of Heaven? Rachel, think of it."

Mrs. Shwartzman was very much frightened by these words. She never thought of that. Especially now when she can live in comparative comfort. She spit several times upon the floor to drive away the evil spirit, and in order to emphasize her determination to live she insisted still more on his becoming naturalized. Seeing he would not get rid of his wife's insistence, he gave way and applied for naturalization.

No sooner had he applied for naturalization than he became a changed man. He was suddenly aware of his close relations with this country. The whole procedure he considered as a mere technicality. He felt as if he already possessed the certificate of naturalization. How could it be otherwise? He didn't think that there might be other considerations, some difficulties which might wreck his dreams. He could not entertain such a thought. He therefore spread among his friends and acquaintances the happy news

that he was becoming a British subject, and very shortly he would be applying for his British passport which would open for him the doors of every country in the world. . . .

Mr. Shwartzman felt himself very important. He is the British Empire, the entire British Navy, the entire armed forces of the British Empire are behind him; should he be assassinated on foreign soil he would become the concern of the British Government, and this might be followed by a war. Mr. Shwartzman smiled discreetly into his beautiful beard. He took special thought of the day of his return to England from abroad. He would pass the passport control without being humiliated by the immigration officers and their questions. No more aliens' cards or registration of addresses for me, thought Mr. Shwartzman.

One morning his dream was shattered beyond repair. A letter from the Home Office announced to him in the most polite of manners that the Secretary of State regretted that he was unable to grant his application.

But why? What are his sins? Whenever Mr. Shwartzman thinks of that he becomes very sick at heart. Mr. Shwartzman wants to know why should language be any concern of the Government. Is it not the person who matters? Suppose he is deaf or dumb? Suppose he lost his right hand in an accident? He fails to understand, to see the connection between language and naturalization, or why should advanced age influence the decision. Really, why can't they grant naturalization to someone who will all the same remain in the country for ever?

He loses his head and courage. He goes about his business like a mourner. He mourns a lost dream. He mourns too his loneliness, he alone knows the extent of his sufferings.

The nights are a long misery to him. He can't sleep. One question which he can't answer does not give him a minute's rest. "Have I not brought enough sacrifices for this country?"

Looking into the thick darkness which envelops him he thinks of the sacrifices which he ungrudgingly brought on behalf of this country of adoption. His eldest son, the Reverend, is more English than a true Tory. Why, he is not on speaking terms with his son because he hates the foreign Jews with the fervour of an Anti-semite. During the General Strike he volunteered and helped to unload cargoes in the London docks. He denounced Red Ramsay MacDonald for selling the Empire to the Bolshies. The second son is a leader in the Labour Party, and is more concerned with England than with the Jews. The third son, though going to the Synagogue, is also apparently more English than Jewish. The youngest daughter,

the jewel of the family, the apple of his eye, fell in love with a fellow student—a Christian—and eloped with him.

Very often he feels like bursting, and in order to ease the pressure he speaks into the thick darkness prevailing in his room: "God, is that not worth the price of a British passport?"

The dark room takes this query, which seems to remain hanging in the black tense air. God, isn't it? . . . But God is silent. . . .

But sometimes his words wake up his wife, who asks half-asleep: "Zelig, what happened?"

And he would answer: "No, nothing happened. I dreamed, just a dream."



Pen drawing by J. L. FORSYTH

THE THEATRE

THE SUMMER FESTIVALS.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK. By Sean O'Casey. *Haymarket.*

THE pilgrim playgoer who has spent the greater part of August at one dramatic festival or another can hardly have failed to enjoy himself, but he comes back not a great deal richer in theatrical experience than he went. Malvern, which usually can be counted on for rarities, this year provided but one. *Susanna*, a sixteenth-century play lately discovered by Professor Ifor Evans in a Leicestershire country house, is a leisurely stage version of the apocryphal story of Susanna's temptation by the wicked elders. It made a gently pleasing impression, which is an odd thing to say about a piece that shows the crushing to death of the elders, the hanging of the Vice, and the Devil himself roaring at the mouth of Hell. But *Susanna* is no more than a museum piece, and time has turned its horrors to prettiness and to favour. In all probability it was a little old-fashioned at the time that it was written, for it looks back to the Moralities rather than forward to the comedy which was to begin with *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

The performance seemed to do it full justice, bringing out the curious mixture of emotional simplicity and argumentative subtlety in the temptation scene and having an admirable pantomime devil whose antics in the glare of the infernal fires would certainly have terrified a medieval audience. Sir Barry Jackson designed for it an entirely appropriate Gothic background of blue and gold, half garden and half court, and the costumes contributed much to the gently pleasing impression that was made.

The only original work to be seen during the festival, *Return to Sanity*, by Mr. Gerald Wynne Rushton and Mr. T. South Mack, made an impression that was neither gentle nor pleasing. It seemed like a melodrama which had been twisted into a comedy for the sake of giving Sir Cedric Hardwicke a good acting part. Sir Cedric fulfilled his share of the bargain, discovering an amusing stage eccentric in the genial old reprobate who cures a middle-class family of extreme avariciousness by an improbable show of magnanimity and the timely issue of a rum ration. But the fun of this performance scarcely compensated for the pain of watching a melodrama trying to behave as a comedy.

Tewkesbury this year gave us an American essay in medievalism. *The Virgin and the Clerk* shows the Virgin playing Portia's trick upon the devil on behalf of a Dean who has long desired to write a song in her honour. The spectacle of mediocrity triumphant everywhere drives the disgruntled cleric to sell his soul "for success to be delivered," but after receiving only a portion of what he bargained for he repents. The reality of his repentance is attested by his refusal of the Papal chair. Since the devil always appears in the guise of a Jew, he presumably deserves to suffer the fate of Shylock, and the Dean of Adana is allowed to keep his immortal soul on the ground

that the success promised has not been delivered. The fable is based on a medieval *bas-relief* in Notre Dame, which one would imagine has a serious simplicity lacking in the play. Mr. Kingsley Porter's narrative moves briskly but sketchily, making crude fun of the log-rolling canons of Adana and coming nearest to discovering the truth of its characters in one or two direct discussions of the hero's spiritual dilemma. But the Tewkesbury production had the inestimable advantage of Mr. Robert Speaight in the principal part, and he contrived to give a measure of continuity to scrappy sentences that would have been beyond a less accomplished speaker of verse.

Those who stayed in London during the month fared no better than those who roved the country. One *Juno and the Paycock* may in the ordinary course of things be worth many medieval revivals, but not as Mr. Arthur Sinclair has produced it at the Haymarket. Time, which has taken nothing from Miss Sara Allgood's beautiful presentment of Juno, has so retarded Mr. Sinclair's famous performance as the Paycock that it has become like a music-hall parody of itself. The over-emphasis which he now puts upon almost every point in the part has the effect of disconnecting what is comic from what is tragic in the play, and making what should be tragi-comic realities appear as comic relief and melodramatic contrast. Miss Allgood is helped on the tragic side by Mr. John Irwin's sketch of the neurotic son and by Miss Kitty Kirwan's Mrs. Tancred, but she and her helpmates are consistently hindered by the (let us hope) temporary loss of confidence in the play's humour shown by Mr. Sinclair and Miss Maire O'Neill.

A. V. COOKMAN

ART

THE exhibition of the *Maîtres de l'Art Indépendant* at the Petit Palais in Paris sets out to illustrate the work of the artists who succeeded the masters of post- and neo-impressionism, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and Seurat, to illustrate, that is to say, the work of painters born roughly between the sixties and the nineties. This it does in the most lavish fashion. Over a hundred painters and sculptors are represented, some only by four or five works, but the majority by collections which can only be called large or small one-man exhibitions. To mention only a few, the group of thirty-seven paintings by Marquet, of thirty-three by Bonnard—a particularly brilliant collection of examples of his work—of thirty-six by Utrillo, would each repay several visits to itself alone. The exhibition is, therefore, a serious and fully documented history of the contemporary art of the Parisian school, excluding the latest generation of artists.

As such it must in any case require prolonged study for a full appreciation of what it has to offer in the way of acquaintance with fresh artists and knowledge of the development of the period as a whole. But after an all too short study of the exhibition one is left with the impression that the latter purpose would have been better served by another arrangement of the works shown. The actual arrangement according to artists means that works of similar date which have important relations to one another are separated for the visitor by a long period of study of other works. For the student who is fairly familiar with the different styles shown it is possible to make the comparison for himself, but at considerable cost of time and labour, and always with the feeling that there must be many less obvious, and therefore more valuable, points which he has missed. But, for the visitor only superficially acquainted with the subject, it must be practically impossible to see the historical development as a whole.

It is the historical development which an exhibition of this size is unique in being able to demonstrate, and it would have been much better demonstrated by a chronological arrangement, which by serving the one purpose, would also the better have served the other, of increasing one's understanding of the individual artists. If M. Braque's *Maisons sur la Colline* (1908), M. Derain's *Table à la Nappe* (1904) and *Paysage du Midi*, M. Gleizes' *Paysage* (1910) and *Baigneuses* (1912), and M. Metzinger's *L'Oiseau Bleu* (1913) had been placed in the same room the common origin in Cézanne of these painters, whose styles are now so different, would have been made clear. A comparison of the 1910 landscape by M. Gleizes with his woolly, flowery landscape, *Paysage de l'Abbaye de Créteil* (1907), would have underlined this artist's debt to Cézanne, a debt as great as Gainsborough's to van Dyck and Rubens and, apparently, connected with as abrupt a change in style. To have passed from these to slightly later works by the same artists would have been to have seen before one the development step by step of abstract painting in its cubist phase from the practice of Cézanne. At the same time

one would have seen contrasting lines of development, such as that of M. Vlaminck from van Gogh, illustrated by his early *Pêcheurs à Nanterre*, where the handling of the grass in the foreground is almost pure adoption of the style of his master. M. Vlaminck professed van Gogh as his model and practised what he professed. In this he differed from the cubist group generally speaking. But there were two other ways in which some painters at the time differed from them. There was M. Chagall, for example, already showing the tendencies which were later to develop into super-realism, but deriving them from another side of Cézanne, that which appears in his romantic, imaginary scenes. This is well illustrated in *La Naissance* (1911), where the connexion with Cézanne is clear, and by another picture of 1911, *Le Laitier*, which is purely super-realistic. On the other hand, there was M. Rouault, who appears never to have come under the influence of the leading post-impressionists.

A chronological arrangement would have made clear the relations of the artists in accordance with their derivations from painters of the preceding generation, but it would equally importantly have marked their influence on one another. A full discussion of the latter would be out of place in anything but an historical study of the exhibition, but a few instances may be mentioned by way of illustration. M. Derain's *Camiers* (1911) is very reminiscent in its whites and lurid blues of M. Vlaminck, much more like the mature style of the latter than his own *Inondations* of the previous year. M. Matisse's *Femme au Tabouret* (1912) is carried out in black lines on grey, slightly flushed with reds, blues, and greens, and forms an interesting comparison with M. Picasso. As a last example, there is the adoption of unusually brilliant colour by MM. Marquet and Dufy in pictures of 1905 and 1906. M. Marquet, in his *14 juillet au Havre* (1905), and M. Dufy, in his *Les Drapeaux* both make use of the tricolour for this purpose, while in M. Dufy's *Les Ombrelles* (1906) the parasols serve the same end. In the same way a chronological arrangement would have helped one to understand the relationship of the better-known painters to those less well known, for example of M. Bonnard to M. d'Espagnat, of M. Dufresne and M. Vlaminck to M. La Patellière, and of M. Chagall to M. Gernez—or perhaps in the last case their common relationship with Odilon Redon. But this point is connected with another. One must be grateful that the dealers' habit of confidently dating to a year, where there is no evidence of date, has been avoided. But in some cases where a picture is actually dated, no date is given in the catalogue, and a great many approximate dates, stated as such, might have been added. A chronological arrangement would have given in itself a rough date to the pictures, sufficient to ensure the student from putting the cart before the horse.

These, however, are reflexions made without the opportunity of considering in any fullness a rearrangement of the exhibition in order of time. It is more than probable that such a system was considered and discarded as impossible in practice, although theoretically desirable.

WILLIAM GIBSON

FILMS

MADAME BOVARY. *German.*

DIE TOCHTER DER SAMURAI. *German.*

A DAY AT THE RACES. *American.*

EASY LIVING. *American.*

WOMAN CHASES MAN. *American.*

THE first two of these films have not yet been shown in England; I saw them in Germany last month. *Madame Bovary* is well-meaning, with careful period detail, but rather dull. Only some quite original method of approach could reproduce the wearing effect of time in Flaubert's long novel, and originality seems to have been ironed out of the German film industry. I can speak only from cursory observations and some reading of production announcements, but it appears to me that German studios are mainly occupied nowadays in turning out conventional comedies and solid dramas, acted mostly in a somewhat old-fashioned, heavy-weight style of which Pola Negri, returning to middle-aged fame, is now accepted as a leading exponent. All German films are supervised by Dr. Goebbels's Ministry of Propaganda, but they are by no means all dosed with politics. On the contrary, I think the trouble is that German producers are usually afraid to tackle themes which might be held to carry a political inference. This makes for a lack of variety in subject-matter; and probably German producers are afraid to be too original in technique lest they should be classed with those modernistic artists against whom Herr Hitler inveighed so bitterly in his lengthy oration at the opening of the *Haus der Deutschen Kunst* at Munich the other day. Anyway, the only interesting film I came across in Germany was *Die Tochter der Samurai*; and this was also the only one with an obvious political moral.

Its story is of a Japanese student who returns to his own country after years of education in Germany, and on the boat falls more or less in love with a German girl. But he has been betrothed since childhood to a Japanese girl, and now he rebels against this prospect and says that in the West he has learnt the value of individual freedom. The German girl, however, assures him that this was a false teaching, and eventually he is reconciled to his native destiny by renewed experience of his country's *ethos* and contact with the soil of his father's farm. The story is never very strong and becomes melodramatic at the end, when the student has to rescue his Japanese betrothed from a suicide attempt in the crater of Fujiyama; but the Japanese backgrounds are delightful, particularly the sequence showing the education of a Japanese schoolgirl. It includes such varied pursuits as the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, fencing with single-sticks, swimming, dancing, playing the *samisen* and the piano, and the German language. The film was made mostly in Japan by Dr. Arnold Fanck, formerly celebrated for his Alpine pictures, and is a sign of the increasingly close association between Tokyo and Berlin. One hears it said that Hitler admires the patriotic training systems, associated with Shintoism and Zen Buddhism,



LANDSCAPE, SHOREHAM, KENT
Drawing by SAMUEL PALMER (1805-1881)
In the possession of Leonard Duke, Esq.

which are applied to Japanese youth, and believes that some useful ideas might be borrowed from this source for the benefit of the Third Reich.

With the remaining three films we turn back to the familiar world of American comedy; but it is no longer quite so familiar, after all. The Marx Brothers, certainly, have not changed: in *A Day at the Races* they still seem to be searching hopefully for the right kind of story. This time Groucho is a horse-doctor who poses as a fashionable physician in order to save the fortunes of a sanatorium run by a pretty girl; he is assisted by Harpo as a jockey and Chico as a general disutility man. There are several magnificent episodes, but the rest are clearly derived from stage turns; they are not developed inevitably out of the story, which is further handicapped by a lengthy and irrelevant ballet episode, filmed in a kind of sepia shade. I think the Brothers, as kind-hearted protectors, are somehow on the wrong side of the fence; it cramps their naturally destructive style. Also I think—as Alfred Hitchcock has lately prophesied—that the future trend of film comedy will lead away from the professional comedian in comic clothes. This trend is evident in *Easy Living* and *Woman Chases Man*; both are essays in a rather new kind of crazy humour which derives from the misadventures of normal characters, acted by players equally accustomed to serious parts.

Easy Living has a nightmarish Cinderella story about a girl (Jean Arthur) who accidentally acquires a false reputation as the sweetheart of a millionaire banker (Edward Arnold). *Woman Chases Man* is about a girl architect (Miriam Hopkins) who tries to inveigle the wealthy son of a bankrupt father into backing his erratic parent's plans for a housing estate. In both films acting and dialogue are brilliant; both are produced in that swift Hollywood style which at its best brings a quite new technique of entertainment on to the screen. On the whole I prefer *Woman Chases Man*; there is more subtlety in its characterization, and it avoids that effect of deliberate uproariousness which just occasionally, in *Easy Living*, makes one feel that the comedy is becoming a shade too noisy and hard-worked. But both pictures are very amusing, and in both of them the humour is not kept apart in eccentric contrast to a world of normal events. This new comedy style feels that ordinary modern life, thrown a trifle off its precarious balance, is crazy enough.

CHARLES DAVY

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE late James Comly McCoy was a collector and student of books about French Canada. For some years previous to his death in 1934 he lived at Grasse, in France, and in 1931 a list of *Canadiana and French Americana* in his library was printed. When he died he left the manuscript of a book, *Jesuit Relations of Canada, 1632-1673, a Bibliography*, which has now been published by M. Arthur Rau of Paris (350 copies, price 225 francs each), with an introduction by Mr. Lawrence C. Wroth, of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, R.I. "The Jesuit Relations" is the term by which the annual letters from the Superiors of the Jesuit missionaries in New France, published from 1632 to 1673 by the French Province of the Society of Jesus, are known. These annual reports are naturally of the greatest interest from the point of view of Canadian history, and they have unity in that all, except one, were originally issued from the same press, that of Cramoisy of Paris. They show considerable bibliographical variation, and Mr. Wroth considers that they were probably issued in large editions. Mr. McCoy's bibliographical descriptions are very full, and there is the admirable feature that a facsimile is given of the title-page of every edition and important variant described. I have not had the opportunity of checking the book in any way, but on the face of it this seems an admirable example of the valuable specialized work which every intelligent book-collector may do if he will take his hobby seriously and work some aspect of it thoroughly and carefully.

* * *

A new and revised edition of Mr. Hilary Jenkinson's *A Manual of Archive Administration*, which first appeared in 1922, has lately been issued (Percy Lund, Humphreys & Co., 10s.). Mr. Jenkinson has not changed his views on general principles in these last fifteen years, but he has discovered that upon a large number of "small practical matters" he now, as a result of fuller knowledge, feels it necessary to express himself more in detail. He draws attention, in his Preface, to the tremendous steps forward which the study and preservation of archives have taken since the end of the Great War. Abroad there has been, most notably, the establishment of the National Archives of the United States Government. In England there have been the inclusion of Palaeography and Archive Science in the Library Association's schedule of subjects for a diploma; the 1924 amendment of Lord Birkenhead's Act of 1922, which assured the safety of the superseded Memorial Court Rolls and recognized Local Repositories for every English County; and the foundation of the British Records Association in 1932. On all points concerning the safeguarding and custody of archives, old and new, Mr. Jenkinson's book is a most valuable work of reference.

* * *

Surely "Victorian Bookmarkers," upon which Mr. Paul McPharlin writes in the summer number of *The Colophon* (229, West 43rd St., New York), is an

admirable subject for an essay, and might well, moreover, supply the material of an amusing collection somewhere on the fringes of bibliophily. Mr. McPharlin tells us that Thomas Stevens of Coventry (in the fifties) claimed to be the inventor of the woven silk bookmark, and there seems to be no one to dispute the claim. An example of his handiwork, suitably decorated with a horse-shoe and forget-me-nots, is reproduced, as also are two American examples of 1865, one bearing the portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the other of General Grant. I gather from the article that the Victoria and Albert Museum possesses a number of these elegant trifles—which I must certainly look at next time I am there. Another essay in this number of *The Colophon* is "Wolfe's Copy of Gray's Elegy," by Mr. Edwin Wolf. We all know that Wolfe said he would rather have written the *Elegy* than take Quebec, and his own copy of the poem must be one of the most romantic "association copies" in existence. It is of the ninth edition and is inscribed in his handwriting "From K. L., Neptune at Sea." K. L. was Katherine Lowther, whose elder brother was afterwards created Earl of Lonsdale. Wolfe is supposed to have been engaged to her at the time when he was killed. The book now belongs to Mr. Morris Wolf, of Philadelphia.

* * *

The latest catalogue issued by Messrs. Quaritch, of 11, Grafton Street, London, W.1, is Number 538. In this I notice (among many other interesting things) an *Album Amicorum* which contains an original manuscript poem of eight lines by Thomas Churchyard. The album originally belonged to Jan de Keyser of Rhenen, a student from Leyden, who was in England in 1586 and 1587, when he visited both Cambridge and Oxford, and obtained contributions from many dons in both universities—including, I am glad to note, the Provost of my own college. The price of this album (which is here listed under the heading "Churchyard") is £50. This catalogue opens with a section of Americana which contains some rare and attractive things, amongst others Roger Williams's *A Key into the Language of America*, 8vo, 1643. The author was the founder of the colony of Rhode Island, and in this, his first book, made the earliest attempt to record the language of the Indians of Massachusetts and to describe the customs of the Narragansett Indians. The book is priced £150.

* * *

Messrs. Maggs Brothers, of 34 and 35, Conduit Street, London, W.1, have devoted the most recent (number 645) of their handsome quarto catalogues to the subject of "Food and Drink Through the Ages." The books offered range from a Babylonian tablet of about 2500 B.C. to works by my old friend M. Marcel Boulestin, who was a writer of distinction, in both English and French, long before he became so eminent in the world of cookery. A curious item which catches my eye as I turn the pages is the original manuscript household book of Louis XV for the year 1773, which consists largely of menus and lists of bread and wine distributed at feasts.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK PRODUCTION NOTES

SOME PUZZLES OF "PRINTERS' ENGLISH"

I WILL signalize the silly season by calling attention to some of the perplexities which beset the painstaking and intelligent compositor or keyboard man in interpreting his copy. My remarks are provoked by a useful little leaflet of "Notes on the Preparation of Copy and the Correcting of Proofs" sent me from the Broadwater Press, Welwyn, and prepared for the assistance of its customers. Every printer will agree with "our experience" that

it is rare for a manuscript or typescript to be uniform in respect of punctuation, spelling, and the other matters dealt with here. Badly written or carelessly typed copy, with capital letters used inconsistently, dates displayed in different ways, and quotations wrongly punctuated, is a cause of difficulty to the compositor, delay to the proof-reader, and expense to the customer.

For example, shall we print "Church and State," or "church and state"? And should the comma after "State" be inside the quotation-marks in the older way, or outside, according to the rule instituted, I think, by Horace Hart at the Oxford University Press many years since? And there are the evergreen problems, "an historical" or "a historical," "appendices" or "appendixes," "recognise" or "recognize": and if "recognize," which the O.E.D. prefers, why not "advertize," which it condemns? In such matters as these, outside the printing-office (and too often in it), there is no generally accepted rule, and even in the same manuscript there is apt to be a bewildering variety of practice. If such petty detail is beneath the author's notice, the typist with study and care might become qualified to bring order out of his chaos. Too often she faithfully reproduces his copy, if indeed she does not pepper and spice it with vagaries of her own. Where author and typist fail, it falls to the compositor and proof-reader between them to make the best of a bad job. In the best-provided schools of printing there are classes in "English" in which the student is taught to deal with such problems as these. Not indeed that the instruction given in such courses is always beyond reproach. Time and time again a reader has changed my "none are" to "none is," a modernism sprung from ill-instructed pedantry. When did that other modern barbarism, "Book One," "Chapter Two," for "Book the First," "Chapter the Second," first intrude into literary use? Not, I think, before the present century. I am glad to note that the Broadwater Press discountenances it.

The poets are apt to be the worst offenders in the matter of punctuation. Yet, as the Elizabethans knew very well, the rhythm and stress and musical quality of the verse may be greatly helped by the way it is pointed. For the Elizabethans, however, the pointing was more a matter of pause and stress in reading and less of merely constructional and syntactical divisions than it has since become.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

NEW LITERATURE

JONATHAN SWIFT'S POETRY

By Stephen Potter

POEMS OF JONATHAN SWIFT. Edited by Harold Williams. 3 vols. *Oxford University Press*. £3.

This is the first edition of Swift's poetry to benefit by all the more recent improvements in literary scholarship. Its standards are the standards of Swift editing set by Dr. Elrington Ball and Professor Nichol Smith, plus a few modern additions. In fact some of the verses themselves, each page of them with its neat pedestal of notes, collating and explanatory, with full bibliography to each poem and place in the canon thrice verified—some of the rougher pieces look a little sheepish, with a little of the out-patient's muddy-bootedness in such clinically antiseptic surroundings. Swift would have liked these volumes very much. He hated muddled and unauthorized printing of his works, and though he was aware that much of his work consisted of "temporary occasional things, that dye naturally with the Change of times," he was never sorry to see this kind of production of his in print.

Those who find it rather difficult to think of any quotation from Swift's poetry, except the one about big fleas and little fleas, will be surprised at its extent. The fact is that Swift liked writing verses, and for him almost everything was an occasion for them. Stella's birthday, Stella "visiting me in my Sickness," a letter to Stella. The not keeping of an appointment. The fact that "Mr. MacCarthy, a scribbling schoolmaster, writes panegyric without any Spirit or Genius." The situation of answering a riddle in a hackney coach. The conviction that certain attorneys are dishonest. Swift was also fond of handing these poems round in manuscript, and fond of printing

them as broadsides, and republishing them in Miscellanies, even publishing some of the most intimate of the verses to Stella at a time when he knew her to be very ill and believed her to be dying. Much of the Poetical Works of Swift is made up of verses which more normal men would have burnt.

Most of the more familiar titles come in the later half of the second volume, for Swift's verse improved in power as he grew older. There is the charming *Cadenus and Vanessa*, with the nymph-and-goddess setting so popular among contemporary admirers of the *Rape of the Lock*. Much later still, long after *Gulliver*, comes the beautiful neatness of the octosyllabics of the almost classic *Verses on the death of Dr. Swift*. As obviously successful are the character studies of *A Libel on Dr. Delaney* or the pleasantly rapid lines of *The Journal of a Modern Lady*. In all such poems—and this is a famous general merit of Swift—he seems to write well because he writes truthfully. The hackneyed diction common at this time would not be possible to him. He seems sometimes to make even too much of a virtue of this unswerving objectivity, a virtue which at its worst seems connected with that strange desire to write verses about smells and stinks which to him are disgusting and yet apparently attractive at the same time, the desire to show that he is not afraid to talk of dung, the desire which led him into the pleasant agony of writing such a poem as *Chloe*. But this little bit of mental sickness is Swift's only kind of cant. And just occasionally there is a stanza which is better than merely cant-free, such as the third stanza of the *Ode to Temple*, especially pointed out

to him, Mr. Harold Williams says, by Mr. W. B. Yeats:

But what does our proud Ign'rance Learning
call,
We odly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere Remembrance all,
Remembrance is our Treasure and our
food;
Nature's fair Table-book our tender Souls
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty Rules,
Stale Memorandums of the Schools;
But Learning's mighty Treasures look
In that deep Grave a Book.

Lastly, of the famous merits, there is the Swiftian satire. This, as the text-book will tell you, was general, and not particular. Directed against groups and a System; not against individuals. In the words of his own epitaph, "Malice never was his aim; He lashed the Vice but spared the Name." His verse preserves this strength of his satire. It is very often angry, frequently bad tempered, but never cynical. Irony is reserved for those who aim low, never for those who fail in aiming high. In fact it is certain genial compliments that one remembers most vividly—his regal appreciation of Vanessa: his comfort for Stella on the awkwardness of being thirty-six: Whoever hints that Stella is no chicken, he says:

Though you and all your senseless Tribe
Could Art or Time or Nature bribe
To make you look like Beauty's Queen
And hold for ever at fifteen.
No Bloom of Youth can ever blind
The Cracks and Wrinkles of your Mind,
All men of Sense will pass your Dore
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

Perhaps it may be that in his verse Swift is too faithful to Impersonality. "Mankind does not exist, only Men," Goethe was able to say. For the lesser Swift, it was "though I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth, I hate and detest that animal called man." To Pope, the human race was, roughly speaking, something lofty—i.e., he approved. It was certain members of it which he chose to fix and transfix with his satire. Satire inspired by the consciousness of social

evils may do more good than that which boils over from a personal animosity, but there is never any doubt which is the more entertaining to read. In his verse, the less personal Swiftian satire is less successful.

Mention Pope, of course, and we are reminded that this comprehensive edition of poems does not do anything to alter our opinion that Swift is only very seldom a great man in his verses. In fact, the result of reading these in bulk is to strengthen our admiration, because Swift's couplets are often so difficult to understand, of the athletic clarity of Pope; and to make us realize, because he dealt with similar themes in the same kind of metre, the sense in which Dryden was almost always a poet, Swift hardly ever.

Of course, all those who admire and love the kind of man Swift was, and like to feel the extraordinary benignity which shines through his crippled character, will read deeply in these books. When Swift was dying, and had long lapsed into insanity and silence, a friend came to see him, whereupon Swift's house-keeper suggested that the visitor should be given a glass of wine. Swift seemed to understand, and he shrugged his shoulders "with his old gesture," as much as to say (looking deadly serious) "Can we stand the cost?" The action was unbearably affecting, because it presented so clear a reminiscence of the old loved character.

There are his eccentric likes: his grudges, against the Church, for being his profession, or against Dublin or for having to live in it (nothing could be more complete, readers of this poetry will note, than Swift's failure to be the Burns of Ireland). His lack of sentimentalism in an age when under Cibber and Steele this tiresome mock-ethic was already on the rise (Swift smiles at the moral reflections of Gulliver: Defoe boringly identifies himself with those of Crusoe). His benignly severe humour. His never being a self-deceiver. And at the end of his life, Swift's acceptance of his fate, and the angry laugh with which he renounces self-pity.

A SOLDIER-PROPHET

By H. W. Nevinson

THE MEN I KILLED. By Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier. *Michael Joseph*. 8s. 6d.

General Crozier had done long and notable service before his name became widely known outside the army. He had served in the South African War, in Northern Nigeria, in Zululand, and with high distinction upon the French front during the Great War. Then he served in Lithuania against the Germans, and became military adviser to the Lithuanian Government. But, like most other civilians, I heard of him first in Ireland when, early in 1921, he resigned the command of the Auxiliary Division, because he could no longer stand the murderous policy of reprisals instituted by Mr. Lloyd George, and denounced by Asquith as a "hellish policy," and by Sir John Simon as "politically disastrous and morally wrong." He refers, I think, only twice to this resignation, which was welcomed by all who, like myself, were in Ireland throughout that appalling period of "Auxiliars" and Black-and-Tans, the dirtiest sweepings of the old regular army. That a General of such distinction should honourably resolve upon a step which would ruin his chances of a future career in the army seemed to us the one ray of light in those ghastly years.

A similar sensitiveness was shown by the General in two cases of military execution—the most grievous duty that any Commanding Officer can have to perform. One was the case of a fine young fellow, a private, who was shot for deserting his sentry post (the case is much like the story of "The Secret Battle" told by Mr. A. P. Herbert). The other was the hanging of young Kevin Barry in Mountjoy gaol, when I saw the men and women of Dublin kneeling on the street outside in prayer for another Irish martyr, as they thought him. For that hideous duty a hangman had to be brought secretly over from

England. As to the young deserter, the General kept him drunk through the preceding night (perhaps against regulations), but young Kevin refused such aid.

Those, however, are but two instances of *The Men I Killed*, though both dwelt miserably in the General's mind. The necessity of shooting down men who ran back from the front line, though less terrible, was far more frequent. This necessity is seldom spoken of in public, and in my considerable experience of war during more than thirty years I have never actually seen it resorted to. Yet I have witnessed the fatal infection of panic: how if one man begins to look behind him and hesitate, the rest will look behind them, hesitate, and then try to escape. In those cases it is an officer's duty to shoot them down as they run, for at all costs the line must be held, and to the last gasp men must fight "with their backs to the wall," knowing that if they run they will die in shame. When the Portuguese (in April 1918) were seized with panic and nearly caused a break in our line, the General ordered machine guns and rifles to open fire upon them to stem the tide, for nothing but death could stem it.

Such reminiscences are grim and strange, but the whole tone of the book, especially in the second half, is more unusual, as coming from so experienced a soldier. Throughout, he declares himself a pacifist of the school of Canon "Dick" Sheppard and Mr. Lansbury. Few soldiers, he tells us, can be expected to understand the ultimate evils of war, or to appreciate the wisdom of a universal plan for peace. Only three of them, he thinks, have attempted to give utterance to such thoughts, and those are Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson and Lord Allenby, and General Sir Ian Hamilton.

General Sir Ian Hamilton [he writes] said recently that if certain of the great powers of

the world, including England, would lay down their arms as an encouragement to others to follow the lead, we should find the way out to peace and sanity.

General Crozier regrets that the great authorities of the Church have never supported this suggestion, and his attacks upon our Archbishops for their wavering opinions upon peace and war are frequent and searching.

His estimate of the famous Generals in the Great War—Haig, Horne, Rawlinson, and Wilson—is equally stern. The only generals he would put in the first class are

Allenby, Munro, and Gough. As to the "next war," mainly from the air, his account of its horror, and the succeeding revolution, anarchy, and universal ruin is even more terrible than Mr. Wells's pictures of *Things to Come*. "I am not a revolutionist. I am a pacifist," he says, but of a revolution brought on by hunger, misery, and all the terrors of impending death, he has no doubt. Re-armament, gas-masks, and shelters he regards as dangerous and vain hopes of security. It is a remarkable book, to be studied by all citizens, soldiers, and clergy.

FOUNDATIONS OF HISTORY IN CENTRAL ASIA

By Sir Leonard Woolley

ARCHAEOLOGICAL RECONNAISSANCES IN NORTH - WESTERN INDIA AND SOUTH - EASTERN ĪRĀN. By Sir Aurel Stein, K.C.I.E. *Macmillan*. £3 3s.

The veteran explorer of Central Asia modestly defines as "reconnaissances" what many writers would have termed an archaeological survey. While the first seventy pages of the book deal with the relatively familiar area of the upper Jhelum valley and the often-discussed details of Alexander's Indian raid, the whole of the rest of it is devoted to travels and excavations in the practically unknown coastal regions of Baluchistan, Kermān, and the Persian Gulf and, on the archaeological side, presents us with a wealth of new material bearing on wide problems which have only in recent years been raised.

One cannot sufficiently admire the energy and the industry of Sir Aurel Stein. With never more than a single assistant, Dr. C. L. Fābri of Leiden, and an Indian surveyor, Muhammed Ayūb Khān, faced always with difficulties of transport in a wild and unpacified country, often with official obstruction, with lack of water and shortage of labour, he yet succeeded in covering a vast area (his line

of march totals nearly two thousand miles), excavating on many sites, and returning with a meticulous record of his travels and discoveries and an invaluable store of documented objects. "The disproportion," he says, "between the vast extent of the ground to be searched and the limitations of time due to regard for my age and to other practical considerations was bound to impose upon my work the character of reconnaissances"; to most of us those considerations will seem to have been successfully disregarded. The accomplishment of the task was indeed a triumph of personality.

Stein for the most part contents himself with a plain statement of fact; he gives the evidence, but is "fully aware that the results secured cannot lead to final conclusions as regards those relations of civilization and intercourse which in prehistoric times linked the Indus Valley with Īrān and the region at the head of the Persian Gulf": that is so, but it is largely due not to the partial nature of his own work but to the scantiness of our information concerning other sites. None the less, he has, by supplying the intermediate links, proved that there were real cultural relations extending in prehistoric ages over the huge area—now mostly desertic—

of central Asia; we are faced with the fact that the al 'Ubaid painted pottery of Mesopotamia is but an outlier of that characteristic of the Iranian plateau, that the pottery of the Khabour basin in northern Syria is akin alike to that of Sistān and of southern Persia, and that the stone vessels (or clay imitations of such) from sites in Kermān are identical with those from Sumerian sites on the Euphrates.

The early painted pottery, which Stein divides into two periods, the chalcolithic and the later prehistoric, was found upon a great number of sites all situated in the interior, in valleys where agriculture is or at one time was possible; none occurred on the sea-coast, except at Bushire, where M. Pézard's excavations brought to light a settlement of the Susa type. It would be interesting to know whether the absence of coastal towns is due to a subsidence of the coast, for which the author adduces strong evidence, or to the fact that the prehistoric people were agriculturalists only and not seafarers;* the question has an important bearing on the manner of the distribution of the prehistoric culture.

There is no positive dating for the early pottery, but on Mesopotamian analogies, even while making all allowances for the conservative tendencies of a cultural back-water such as we may suppose Makrān and the Kermān valleys to have been, the latest of it can scarcely be brought down lower than the end of the second millenium B.C. There is, therefore, an astonishingly wide gap in time between it and the other remains discovered in this area. Most of the later sites can be assigned on the strength of the glazed pottery found on them to the Muhammadan period; some of this is as early as the ninth century A.D., much of it belongs to the twelfth and later centuries. There are a few sites such as Hazār-mardī (p. 143), Tump-i-Kharg (p. 144), Hisār (p. 175), which the discoverer would assign, in part

at least, to the early historical (pre-Muhammadan) era chiefly because they failed to produce any characteristically later wares (the plain dark blue or bottle-green glaze might be Sassanian, but is common to most subsequent periods), but this is a scanty harvest to represent a lapse of nearly three thousand years. That the country was not uninhabited is proved not only by Arrian's account of Alexander's journey, but by what Stein states regarding the introduction of the *qanāt* system of irrigation (p. 136) as subsequent to the prehistoric and possibly contemporary with the Achaemenian ages; what then has become of the material relics which so long a period of occupation must have left? It is a problem which the present volume poses but cannot solve.

One small archaeological point may call forth a query. Later discoveries confirm rather than weaken Stein's conviction, based originally on evidence from sites in Baluchistan and elsewhere, that the inlaid glass bangles found by him in considerable numbers must be assigned to the chalcolithic age. The majority of them do come from sites of that period, and he remarks that none came from the very large twelfth-thirteenth century site of Shahr-i-Dāqianūs (p. 154), though one did occur on the Islamic site of Leshtān (p. 197); but from other parts of Asia we have identical bangles accurately dated to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries A.D., and it is difficult to believe that they were in vogue for three thousand years; the question must still remain open.

Mr. Andrews' notes on the pottery technique and Mr. Hobson's analysis of the glazed wares will be invaluable to students of material covering so wide a field; the maps and plans fully deserve the praise given by Sir Aurel Stein to Muhammed Ayūb Khān. A somewhat fuller index might have been supplied, but this is the only criticism that can be made of a book splendidly produced; the illustrations are admirable and exhaustive and a clear type combines with them to make a volume worthy of the importance

* The Bushire settlement may have been due to the exceptional fertility of the peninsula rather than to its possibilities as a harbour.

of the discoveries recorded. To congratulate Sir Aurel Stein upon his work

would be almost an impertinence, but we can at least thank him for it.

A VESTRYMAN FOR ST. PANCRAS

By Graham Greene

SHAW: GEORGE VERSUS BERNARD.

By J. P. Hackett. *Sheed and Ward*. 6s.

This criticism of Bernard Shaw's philosophy is by a Roman Catholic, and there is obviously room for a serious analysis of his Life Force creed from the standpoint of a more orthodox authoritarian belief. Shaw's creed, immoral and yet curiously untempting, is described by Mr. Hackett in these terms: "His (the Life Force child's) inmost wish is his guide, and that course of action which he can follow without qualms or doubts, and above all without shame or excuses, is for him the true way"; and Mr. Hackett strikes out one good phrase: "An eternal evolutionary God enmeshed in matter and for ever at the mercy of its unintelligence."

Nonetheless Mr. Hackett is not the man for the job. Most of his book is a description almost as enthusiastic as it is disapproving of Mr. Shaw's work, rather aunt-like in tone; he doesn't reach the plays till he is more than half-way through the book, and the Catholic and Protestant minds do not really begin to clash before the last fifty pages. Mr. Hackett's essay is full of such nonsense as this: "In days to come, when Universities become less like highly exclusive clubs with labelled rooms and channelled ritual, someone may be inspired to suggest the award of a G.B.S. degree for students who take an interest in living men and women rather than in extracts of literature or preserved science . . ." and so on, embroidering the silly fancy for nearly a page; when he wishes to define "belief" he does it (over three pages) in a plain man, slap-you-on-the-back style which suits an Oxford Grouper better than a Catholic: "Take the Derby at Epsom . . .", etc. Mr. Hackett seems to have read Father D'Arcy's magnificent essay, *The Nature of Belief*, but it has had no effect

on his style or the commonplaceness of his thought.

Mr. Hackett, indeed, is too great an admirer of Mr. Shaw to be a fair critic; you have to hate the man a little to give a just estimate of his importance. For important his ideas have been. The "eternal sewing machine" of Yeats's metaphor has clicked to some purpose, and it is one of the awful enigmas of human life that the Vestryman for St. Pancras, the absurd Jaeger suit, the little ugly rationalistic volumes, should be connected so intimately with the firing squads practising across Europe, the genuine physical agony. Mr. Sassoon once wrote a poem about the jokes in music halls which "mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume," and when the stalls rock to Mr. Shaw's slapstick, there is the same ugly taste in the mouth when we remember men slain in Italy, Germany, Russia, and Spain in order that the Life Force shall have a high old time. The trouble is that this unpassionate puritan is disastrously free from that sense of chaos and lunacy which opens dreadfully before most men at periods of moral indiscipline. He has never had to accept constraint for the sake of sanity.

There was a time, the time of his admirable and angry preface on the subject of public school education, when Mr. Shaw seemed the champion of the young against the inhumanities of age. Now that he is old himself we have to look for him in the camp of the physical force men, of Lenin and Mussolini. "Try how wicked you can be; it is precisely the same experiment as trying how good you can be." Only an essentially innocent man, a man quite ignorant of the nature of evil, could write that: a worthy man, an ethical man, of course, but the ethical is much further from the good than evil is.

POETS ON HOLIDAY

By Michael Roberts

LETTERS FROM ICELAND. By W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Auden and Mr. MacNeice are turning an honest penny in an honest way:

In the 'bus to-day I had a bright idea about this travel book. I brought a Byron with me to Iceland, and I suddenly thought I might write him a chatty letter in light verse about anything I could think of, Europe, literature, myself. He's the right person, I think, because he was a townee, a European, and disliked Wordsworth and that kind of approach to nature, and I find that very sympathetic.

Mr. Auden and Mr. MacNeice are both honest townees: they do not profess to use landscapes as symbols for a state of mind, as Wordsworth did, but that does not prevent them from writing good descriptive verse that makes a scene the starting-point of meditation about the world in general. They profess to dislike hardship, but they deliberately land themselves in situations where some hardship is inevitable:

Wystan has butted in again

To say we must go out in the frightful rain
To see a man about a horse and so
I shall have to stop. For we soon intend to
go

Around the Langjökull, a ten days' ride,
Gumboots and stockfish. Probably you'll
deride

This sissy onslaught on the open spaces.
I can see the joke myself. . . .

There appears to be a fair amount of mud and corrugated iron in Iceland, but the chief hardships are gastronomical: "Dried fish is a staple food in Iceland. This should be shredded with the fingers and eaten with butter. It varies in toughness. The tougher kind tastes like toe-nails, and the softer kind like the skin off the soles of one's feet." By way of delicacy there is "Hákarl, which is half-dry, half-rotten shark. This is white inside with a

prickly horn rind outside, as tough as an old boot. Owing to the smell it has to be eaten out of doors. It is shaved off with a knife and eaten with brandy. It tastes more like boot-polish than anything else I can think of."

Practical advice to travellers is not perhaps the main intention of this collection of letters, but a good deal of it creeps in, and there is a useful bibliography, as well as an entertaining anthology of the observations and inanities of previous travellers. Mr. Auden's Letter to Byron is divided into five parts: it forms the recurrent theme of the book, and in between there are prose narratives (including some Cambridge-and-Gordon-Squareish "letters from Hetty to Nancy," whose authorship the reader can, from internal evidence, guess), and a number of oddments:

Every exciting letter has enclosures,

And so shall this—a bunch of photographs,

Some out of focus, some with wrong exposures,

Press cuttings, gossip, maps, statistics, graphs;

I don't intend to do the thing by halves.

I'm going to be very up-to-date indeed.

It is a collage that you're going to read.

Towards the end of the book the authors set out their "Last Will and Testament" in loose *terza rima*: if everybody mentioned in it buys a copy, the book ought to do well, and if they ever receive their legacies the world will be considerably livened up.

The whole book is entertaining, useful, and light-hearted. It expresses a great number of Mr. Auden's private judgments and some of Mr. MacNeice's; the reader will probably applaud most of them all the more heartily because they are not disguised as moral principles. It contains some of the liveliest light verse that Mr. Auden has yet written, and two of his best and most characteristic poems. Since

the early work of Chesterton, light verse has mostly been limited to inoffensive exercises: there is no venom in the present book (after all, the authors were on holi-

day), but there is enough tune and jingle to please the ear and help the memory, and enough punch to cause a few sore heads and bloody noses.

UNIQUE BOOKSELLER

By Seán O'Faoláin

ADVENTURES OF A BOOKSELLER.

By G. Orioli. 300 copies for sale. Published by the author at 14, Lungarno delle Grazie, Florence. £1 1s.

With most authors, especially in these subjective days, the great danger is the *man che trema*, the hesitant, wavering, self-betraying up and down of emotion. Here is an author of a rare kind. He has an agate fulcrum, his own "will and centre," on which he balances his emotions that the wind of life trembles. A rare equanimity, a priceless, clear, clean light illuminates everything he has experienced—the light of a natural personality. Perhaps his love and lore of books, a check of wisdom, holds him firm—as if he were to say, "I am entrenched." More likely his philosophy is not an accumulation but a gift. If it is an accumulation, read the sources with what restraint of pleasure you can manage, and wonder if one achieves philosophy better by starving as a teacher of Italian in pre-War London, or by sweating inside a pantomime cow at the Palladium, or by doing quaint offices as King's Messenger during a war, or by enduring as a threepenny barber, or by fighting the influences of a stupid English Home Secretary in an Italian court over the matter of a translation by a great writer of an old pamphlet. No, it must be a gift. What else would so quickly guide a young Italian to the joys of English kippers? Or make him, to this day, sigh for fried haddock in Florence? It takes genius to make such a discovery; and congenital firmness to reject porridge at the first taste.

It takes natural strength to be as

philosophical as Orioli, whether on losing the chance of a 1479 Brescia *Aesop* by the skin of his teeth, or whether discovering that the glorious possession of the 1541 Ptolemy printed in Vienna is attenuated by the absence of the maps. *Pazienza!*—he sighs and joins a merry luncheon party. A stoic bookseller, a lovable publisher. Does the collocation of such adjectives with such nouns mark him as unique?

The whole book is grandly illuminating because of that wisdom. It is interesting, of course, that Lawrence, Aldington, Maugham, Norman Douglas, and others precede this, the twelfth, number of the Lungarno Series; and that Orioli has met other such interesting people as Oscar Browning, Lytton Strachey, Frank Harris, Ronald Firbank, and so forth; it is a large part of the material joy of this autobiography that he has known a disproportionate number of freaks, and had, between them all, a most amusing career; the bookish data, too, have all the allure of a man talking about his job; there are even recipes for good dishes. But it is the man that pleases. He has a mind. He has judgment, humour, perception, a sense of the poetry of living.

Once he said that Aldous Huxley pleased him because he wrote for gentlemen—much as Norman Douglas does. The liking for the classic calm, the firm clarity, must have come out of his own nature—an oasis so refreshing in a world of turbulence that I should not be surprised if *Adventures of a Bookseller* does not become recognized as a little classic of its kind.

LESLIE STEPHEN

By V. S. Pritchett

LESLIE STEPHEN. By Desmond MacCarthy. *Cambridge University Press*. 2s.

The present decade has very suddenly become an age of faith. One can imagine a Marxist lecturer on Leslie Stephen dwelling on his references to the social background of literary forms, stressing his controversial writings on agnosticism, his preference for moral man, for the intellectual rather than the emotional content of literature. It would not perhaps be an enthusiastic lecture, but there would be something sympathetic for the lecturer in a critic who held that the ultimate purpose of criticism was to find the man in the book. Aestheticism was short-circuited in that way; if you went far enough in your search for the man you might come across class and society. And that would be something.

Mr. MacCarthy lies in the generation between and his lucid exposition of the work from the man and the man from the work looks at first sight like the method of Leslie Stephen over again. But with Mr. MacCarthy the method is in more indulgent hands. The fighting intermediary of agnosticism, with his rather Puritan reserve and coolness about the soul, has given place in the next generation to the imaginative, catholic, but working moralist who enjoys the pleasure of defining a character or a point of view for its own sake. Leslie Stephen admired Johnson and disapproved of Sterne; Mr. MacCarthy, as a connoisseur, with the important restrictions made by a civilized common sense which halts him before the exotic, the mystical, and the fervent, admits a larger number of flavours.

The lecture could not be better done, though sympathetic detachment from a figure already seemingly detached because of the reserve in his nature does make Leslie Stephen seem a little spineless. The backbone was in the controversial writing, and I doubt if anyone would want to go

over all the row between orthodoxy and agnosticism again. We are the ungrateful heirs. If we look back upon that typical phase of puritanism it is with a sympathy or recognition which hardly warms to affection; our brand of puritanism has become political. Not only this, Leslie Stephen has the undeserved fate of all intermediaries. The brilliant light of public debate soon becomes a twilight, a fog gathers round the lamp. Where his value lies is rather in the field where he makes no sustained appeal to our moral passion: in the business of luminously exposing the character of books and authors where we, in our heat, might cloud everything with preconceptions and current theories. One is always dumbfounded by one's ignorance before these clear studies, and filled with repentance when one sees how much of this ignorance has been studiously self-imposed. Here and there a note jars. One does not seek, as Leslie Stephen sought, a "greeting" from Scott: at least one does not put it in that way; but, upon reflection, there is profound truth in the statement that Thackeray's excellence springs from his esteem for the domestic affections and the love of friends—a quality so much on the surface of his work that its light is at once eclipsed when the shadow of our even justified theories about Victorian family life precedes our preparations for criticism.

Like a judge, matured, primed and purified for his occasion, Mr. MacCarthy makes his summing-up with enviable clarity. The anecdotes, the digs at dons, the successive portraits of the rowing blue, the troubled clergyman, the disappointed editor, the man too cool or too scrupulous to be ambitious, the modulated almost private pages on the bereaved husband, are all there, warm and skilfully timed to their places. Mr. MacCarthy saw the memorial, but not the text; the creature not the scripture. It could not be better done.

ABSTRACT ART

By William Gibson

CIRCLE — INTERNATIONAL SURVEY OF CONSTRUCTIVE ART.

Edited by J. L. Martin, Ben Nicholson, N. Gabo. *Faber*. 21s.

This book is a survey of certain related tendencies and ideals in contemporary painting, sculpture, and architecture, presented in the form of essays by different writers and artists with a collection of reproductions of works in these three arts. It is impossible accurately to collect the ideas put forward under the name of a single movement, but roughly one may say that the painting and sculpture dealt with is of the abstract type which evolved from cubism. In his essay, it is true, M. Le Corbusier objects to this use of the term abstract on the ground that the so-called abstract painting is really fundamentally concrete. Whether this is in any sense true of much of the painting illustrated in the book or not, the term can be justified as applied to all of it and conveys best the sort of work with which the authors are concerned. The architecture is of the type associated above all with the name of M. Le Corbusier himself, in which the fullest use is made of the possibilities of modern building materials.

At the present time the first novelty of abstract art is wearing off, and the opportunity is being seized by those who never really came to appreciate it to renew their attacks. There is also a tendency on the part of certain super-realists to return to a very unpleasant kind of realism, as Mr. Dali in his coloured photograph technique. A book on abstract art by those who believe in it is therefore very welcome. The main position also seems to be quite admirable. I take it to be that put forward by one of the editors, Mr. N. Gabo, in his essay, *The Constructive Idea in Art*, which precedes the sections dealing separately with the arts. Mr. Gabo defines the constructive idea as follows:

It has revealed an universal law that the elements of a visual art such as lines, colours, shapes, possess their own forces of expression independent of any association with the external aspects of the world; that their life and action are self-conditioned psychological phenomena rooted in human nature; that these elements are not chosen by convention as words and figures are, they are not merely abstract signs, but they are immediately and organically bound up with human emotions.

Unfortunately in detail the book is far less satisfactory. There is too much use of such phrases as *dizzying experiments* and such nonsensical phrases as *completely handicap*. Even where there is a genuine argument it is often obscured by a strange twist in the writer's mentality, such as that which leads Mr. Gabo in discussing form and content exactly to reverse the meanings of the words. Both effusiveness and obscurity are particularly to be regretted, as the book certainly appears to be a serious attempt on the part of its authors to propound ideas in which they sincerely believe, and it has none of the bombastic romanticism of the Marinetti kind. It is impossible to criticize the essays in detail, but it may be noted that they share in common a very comforting optimism. One writer even goes so far as to see in the machine a cause of increased liberty. At the present moment it may be difficult to be convinced of this, but one must admit that any hopes one may have for it must rest in the existence of some who still refuse to believe it to be a lost cause.

Noticeable among the illustrations is a series of very beautiful bridges by Mr. R. Maillart, while the essay on his work by M. Siegfried Giedion is perhaps the most interesting and instructive in the book. In view of their simple, unaffected beauty it is curious to read of the criticism of the chairman of a Swiss committee: "I am sick of these pastry-work bridges."

AN INDICTMENT OF OUR CULTURE

By Olaf Stapledon

THE CHANGING SCENE. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Chapman and Hall*. 10s. 6d.

In spite of its innocent title this book is a devastating account of the stultification of our whole social life and culture by the influence of capitalism. The spirit of England in our day is contrasted with the pre-war spirit. We are disillusioned. We have lost confidence. We are badly scared. The quality of our thinking has deteriorated. (More might have been made of this point.) We are increasingly poisoned by capitalist propaganda. The abdication, the coronation, the rearmament campaign, the whole conduct of the National Government, and of the Press, and of the B.B.C. in respect both of its internal affairs and its external influence, are shown to be largely expressions of the increasing need to restore confidence in the established order.

In art Mr. Calder-Marshall distinguishes two tendencies, the one complacent toward the present system, the other revolutionary. The acquiescent kind of art concentrates on the individual and his wish-fulfilments or his retreat into the ivory tower. The more vital, revolutionary art is concerned with the life of society as a whole, and with the fortunes of individuals only in so far as they are typical of the effects of social forces. Above all it stresses by intellectual and emotional appeal the need for drastic social change.

Our educational system is said to be deeply influenced by the needs of capitalism. The kind of education provided for the subservient classes inculcates a slave morality, while that of the dominant class encourages a morality for masters. Between these, the Grammar School kind of education produces (we are told) a type that apes its social superiors and is in constant dread of sinking to the level of its inferiors. The fault lies with the system, not with the teachers, many of whom, in spite of

great difficulties, struggle to propagate a genuinely communal spirit.

Opposed to the lethal influence of capitalism is the new social sense. This, it is said, found an early, heroic, though superficial expression in the suffragette movement, and is now gathering strength and clear consciousness under the influence of Marxism. There is an increasing realization that drastic change is needed, whether violent or peaceful. And "revolutions are planned by men of vision; but they are accomplished by men with empty bellies." Much evidence is presented to show the intolerable plight of the workers and the indifference of the Government.

Such is the indictment of our society and our culture. Since I am one of those whose work the writers of the Left are apt to consider irrelevant and wasteful, I cannot expect Mr. Calder-Marshall to take the following comments seriously, but they are made with the conviction that there is much truth in his analysis, and with the will to help, not hinder, the cause that he has at heart. It seems to me that he, like so many of his persuasion, shows a temper which is in an important respect inadequate to the task which the writers of the Left have undertaken. They see everything as either black or white. And everything which is not immediately and obviously concerned with social revolution is for them black. Even if it is indifferent, its very colourlessness is black, since it is thought to distract attention from revolution. These writers pride themselves on objectivity; but surely this tendency to over-simplify is subjective and adolescent. In the case of Mr. Calder-Marshall it is most noticeable in his discussion of the arts. His analysis is often shrewd, and his central principle is important, but it blinds him to all else.

It may be that for the moment fanaticism is more needed than breadth of outlook. It may be that for the remaking of our

society the triumph of the revolutionary spirit is essential. Certainly the liberal mentality is incapable of *leading* the world through its present crisis. Only the revolutionary spirit, perhaps, can provide the necessary drive and courage. But the liberal spirit has, I am convinced, an

important contribution to make to the great world-change which many of us who are not by nature revolutionaries nevertheless recognize to be necessary. In their contempt for liberalism, by which I mean not political but cultural liberalism, the writers of the Left weaken their cause.

THE LOCAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND

By F. M. Stenton

THE VICTORIA HISTORY OF THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND. Huntingdonshire Vol. III. Edited by the late William Page, Granville Proby, and S. Inskip Ladds. *The St. Catherine Press for the University of London*. Sussex Vol. IX; Northamptonshire Vol. IV. Edited by L. F. Salzman. *Oxford University Press for the University of London*. £3 3s. each.

The most recent instalments of this great work run along lines which by now have become familiar. In each volume, a well-defined tract of country is surveyed parish by parish. It is through the outlines of manorial history which form the core of the work that it makes its chief contribution to knowledge. But the physical features of every village are noted, its ancient monuments are described minutely and with abundant illustration, and in the Huntingdonshire volume an impression of former conditions is given by the reproduction of several early maps. The region covered by the Northamptonshire volume includes several of the most famous village churches in England. The tenth-century tower at Earls Barton is perhaps the best surviving example of late Old English architecture, and the great seventh-century church at Brixworth is beyond comparison the finest piece of primitive Romanesque in England, if not in the whole of northern Europe. Justice is done to each of these famous buildings, and the beautiful or significant work

preserved in countless churches of less fame is indicated without exaggeration. The distinctive feature of the country described in the Huntingdonshire volume is the great tract of land reclaimed from the fens in the sixteenth and later centuries, and the volume contains a valuable account of the Middle Level of the fens and its reclamation, which, incidentally, should help to correct the general opinion that the great monasteries of this region were pioneers in the work of large-scale drainage. But in all three volumes the histories of individual parishes form the essential part of the work, and there can be no question that they will be invaluable to any future writer who wishes to treat a particular village more fully than is possible in a series of books planned on an uniform scale.

There is a sharp contrast between the two parts of England with which these three volumes deal. Northern Huntingdonshire and eastern Northamptonshire belong to the open-field country of the Midlands, where the village has always been the basis of local life, and modern parish boundaries go back to lines drawn by communities of Anglo-Saxon farmers. Here and there, this country has been touched by recent industrial developments, but as a whole it has undergone no drastic change since the agricultural revolution of the eighteenth century. For miles on end in the little-known region west of the Great North Road, the curving

strips of vanished common fields can be traced beneath the rectangular plots created by enclosure, and innumerable villages still keep their medieval ground-plans. It is a land which has been little affected by foreign influences since the Norman Conquest; it included none of the larger centres of medieval English life, and it witnessed few of the famous events of English history.

Eastern Sussex, to which the remaining volume relates, belongs to another world. It includes many ancient villages, but in this broken country the village was an exception to the hamlets and single farms in which settlements were most naturally made. Few parts of England can have been more familiar to medieval English travellers, and nowhere except perhaps in Kent are there more obvious traces of the intercourse with the Continent which coloured the economic life of all the shires along the Channel. It includes in New Winchelsea the outstanding English example of a town planned by a medieval king in the interests of national trade and defence; in Rye, a town which developed from nebulous pre-Conquest origins under the patronage of a Norman abbey; and in Hastings, an ancient Saxon borough, raised to a new importance by the Norman kings as a leading member of the Cinque Ports which protected communications with France. Less obvious but equally significant is the feudal organization which underlies the manorial descents set out in the volume. The district which it covers—the Rape of Hastings—had probably been a unit of local government before the Conquest. But under the Norman kings it appears as a feudal castlery, organized so as to provide a garrison for the fortress at Hastings which was its head, and held for the defence of the land by the counts of Eu, who were the cousins of the kings of England. It was for a warfare of which only faint echoes reached the villages of the Nene valley that the farms and hamlets of eastern Sussex were shaped into manors by the Norman lords of Hastings castle.

YESTERDAY IN SPAIN

FAREWELL SPAIN. By Kate O'Brien.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

"Someone is almost certain to be singing—boringly correct as that may seem. Someone is always singing in the night in Spain. Useless to deny it." Singing at night, guitars, nightingales, and the rest of the romantic properties used by magazine story writers to evoke the Spanish scene are usually eschewed by more distinguished writers. But, as Miss O'Brien feels, this is no time to hide feelings or hold back words. The popular writers were, on the whole, right. So the "boringly correct" details are defiantly set down.

There was the black legend, and, after the war, when American intellectuals began to find Paris too dear, the golden legend. Spanish matadors became more important than French painters. We drank *anis* in the Puerta del Sol instead of Pernod in Montparnasse. And we felt that it was too good to last. And now there is a danger that we shall begin to imagine that it never existed, or that memory has played her usual sentimental trick.

Although Miss O'Brien calls herself the last of the sentimental travellers, the reader who did not visit Spain before the revolution can rely on the author's "random reminiscences" to give him a good idea of why Spain succeeded France, as France had succeeded Italy. That is her book's chief value. It is short, and Miss O'Brien has not attempted to do more than record her own feelings about the places she has known, with a dash of other peoples' for contrast. Bilbao, Salamanca, Santiago de Compostela, Avila, Madrid—the list is not a long one, but there is sufficiently varied material for the crystallization of the moods and emotions that Spain roused in those who knew the country.

A melancholy, self-indulgent sort of book perhaps, but like all books which obviously *had* to be written, it will have to be read.

GEORGE ELLIDGE

PIRIDIDDLE AND OTHERS

By Joe Apt

PIRANDELLO: 1867-1936. By Walter Starkie, Litt.D. *Murray*. 5s.

It seems to me that this is the age of all ages—this in which we Europeans and Americans pass our glorious and confident days. Other times were not like this. To-day we inherit the whole earth—can see it all, know it, order it, and be happy. Whereas in the Elizabethan age—in Columbus's time—and even in Caesar's—all was guesswork, dusky, vague. We humans groped our way into no more than a semi-security . . . at any moment we could be deceived and trapped by those will-o'-the-wisps of religion, of tyrants, of ignorance, superstition, and the inability to communicate with all our fellow-men made life tragic and intolerable then.

But then we had wiser thinkers, better artists, and finer playwrights. Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Calderon, and Chikamatsu wrote plays for us and these remain to remind us what a play can be like. Yet now that we can communicate in a moment with our fellows anywhere on earth, we only tell one another of Tolstoi, Gorki, Shaw, or Pirandello.

Mr. Starkie tells us of the last, and in doing so makes an excellent book. But it must not divert me from my theme.

I am "only a young man," as my grandfather often tells me: "You are only a young man," he says—and he is a dear old man: but I tell him that if I hadn't been born in 1910—I and my contemporaries—there would be no one to inherit this, to-day, most wonderful earth.

For besides our being able to speak with each other all round the world, the power has been given us to fly and join one another—to carry to one another what we wish to exchange or sell or give—to do this very rapidly—to go and help each other—to view the world, travelling on the seas in really superb ships—on land in perfect motor-cars or trains—entertaining ourselves as we go with all sorts of joys

like ski-ing and other sports, or listening to all the best music on gramophones: always sure of immediate light when it grows dark—a button here, another there: able to find hundreds of fellow-travellers who, no matter of what nation, speak several languages: books of reference at hand, giving us every possible information we may need: the telegraph—the cinema—the telephone—wireless—all helping us in this: money galore—the wealth of ages at our disposal . . . a well-nigh perfectly provided-for existence, and . . . a few things utterly inadequate: chief among them Drama and Theatre. Why, I wonder.

And I was wondering why, when the post brought me a letter from Letitia (who is on board the *Lutetia*, bound for Libya): and she too talks of Pirandello, of Shaw, of these things: and she says this:

. . . I haven't the faintest idea why we are going to America—but the parents have . . . it's awful. . . .

. . . Father and mother, trussed up in deck-chairs, sit all day long reading books, poor chumps. Sometimes I draw near and sit and gaze at the spectacle. They seem dead to the world and to their offspring. They take no notice when I cough—or if I drop a spoon on the floor, although it makes a sound like money falling. Nothing wakes up these parents of mine. One is reading the plays of Pirididdle, or whatever his name is—the other reads G. B. S.

"Why are we going to America, Pa?" I ask. Pa says, lowering his book, "We go because we are not we, though we think we are—we are only puppets come to life." Pa here sighs and repeats, "Come to life. . . . It is philosophy," he adds—and raising his book, begins to read some more of *Meglio Così*, by old P.

Mother, who reads G. B. S., thinks rather less of Pa's fellow. "Less body than my Shaw," says Ma, with a satisfied smile. Loathsome! I don't say they wrangle about it, but both lie in their deck-chairs and are so intense. One pro-Shaw, one pro-Pipistrello—or whatever his name is.

I sit by them and wonder, "Will it pass?" I suppose it will—I suppose I'm making a fuss about nothing. But then, I don't read much, and when I do it's only old Shakespeare: by the way, do you know it's Defoe calls him that?—"old Shakespeare"—I rather like the sound of it. No one would ever call Shaw or Pirididdle *old*.

Love.

PS. Why I read Shakespeare is because he's the right size and age—like this ship, all modern and grand!

Best love, old fish.

PPS. Don't mistake me—I don't *hate* Littlediddle or the other one—but they are such Squish—if you think so? What?

That's what Letitia says.

"THE DISLOCATED HOSIER"

By Ronald Lewin

DEFOE. By James Sutherland. *Methuen*. 12s. 6d.

There is notoriously something anomalous in the reasons for which certain writers are known to their posterity. If any of their contemporaries could take a day off from Paradise, they would think it odd that Selden should be chiefly remembered for his Table Talk, Pepys for his Diary, and the Rev. Robert Montgomery for a scathing review by Macaulay. About Defoe's reputation there is a similar anomaly. Everyone knows his name; but nine people out of ten know it in connection with a single book. Professor Sutherland has attempted to correct this bias by laying little stress on Defoe's history as a novelist. But a *revenant* contemporary of the author of *Robinson Crusoe* would certainly think it remarkable that this poet, pamphleteer, spy, political adviser, polemical Dissenter, dabbler in economics—at one time owner of a brickworks and at another of a civet farm; the supporter of Harley and the tool of Godolphin; the author of *The True-born Englishman* and *Legion's Memorial*, of *Jure Divino* and *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*—should have won the considerable fame which he enjoys because of a book which, as Professor Sutherland puts it, was addressed to "the small shopkeepers and artisans, the publicans, the footmen and servant wenches, the soldiers and sailors." It is as though Mr. Bernard Shaw in his Fabian days had written a "yellow-back," and were to

return from his Elysium in two hundred years' time to find that his plays and his essays, his musical and political miscellanea had been forgotten, but that his name was still widely known as the author of a tale of adventure which he had composed for an amusing experiment.

Professor Sutherland has produced a well-balanced, well-written biography. It is not over-documented, but the documents are always on hand to support a particular thesis. The style is easy, and it is frequently graced with pregnant little turns of phrase, witty comments and analogies which retain your attention even when you are traversing the duller patches of Defoe's life. Every side of that kaleidoscopic existence is considered. And the conclusion at which you arrive is that, in spite of all his manifold activities, Defoe was essentially a simple man. *Robinson Crusoe* is an excellent mirror to his character. It reveals all his chief qualities. Here you can observe his indefatigable attention to detail and technique; his limited psychological insight which enabled him to create living beings but beings of a curious sameness; his readiness to moralize; his real though intermittent piety; and above all, that astonishing energy of mind which makes everything that he wrote, from *Crusoe* to the dreariest political tract, a piece of vigorous, lucid, undecorated English magnificently adaptable for every kind of exposition.

To all these qualities Professor Suther-

land pays due and often illuminating tribute. I have no wish to crab what is a first-rate biography. But in perhaps one respect the writer suffers from what has been called the "lues Boswelliana." For it is quite evident from the facts which he presents—from Defoe's relations with the Dissenters, from his shuttlecock passage backwards and forwards between Whigs and Tories, from such a piece of double-dealing as his letter to Lord Stanhope about Doctor Sacheverell—that the morality of his actions was by no means always

unimpeachable, and was occasionally worthy of the hardest names that his opponents used about him. There is a tendency in Professor Sutherland's book to justify, to explain away, such pieces of what might in plain terms be called treachery and swindling. And there was no need. For in spite of all these failings the Defoe whose portrait he has drawn remains a vivid, a robust and attractive personality, and the author of books on whose account we shall always forgive him much.

ALBAN BERG

By Martin Cooper

ALBAN BERG: von Willi Reich. Mit Bergs Eigenen Schriften und Beiträgen von Theodor Wiesengrund-Adorno und Ernst Křenek. Wien: *Herbert Reichner Verlag*.

Alban Berg died on December 24, 1935; and this is the first full-length study of his work and personality. Herr Reich was his personal friend, and speaks with first-hand knowledge and authority. His book is for musicians, and serious musicians at that: for only 10 out of 200 pages are devoted to Berg's life and the main bulk of the book consists of detailed formal and thematic analyses of his compositions. Since Berg laid great store by these analyses and sometimes constructed them himself, their value is partly biographical: and the various short articles and addresses printed at the end of the book throw further light on Berg's character.

Arnold Schönberg, with whom he studied composition from 1904-10, was the determining influence in Berg's life. It was he who introduced Berg to the most "advanced" artistic circles in Vienna during the first years of the century; and early friendship with the poet Peter Altenberg, the painter Oskar Kokoschka, and the architect Adolf Loos made a deep

impression on Berg. All these men were, for good or evil, held to be dangerous and revolutionary elements in the artistic world: they were mistrusted and despised for their violent reaction against the prevailing Viennese fashion for easy-going, sensuous charm, in the arts as in life. Berg's personality was deeply tinged with this consciousness of belonging to a small and despised minority: and he developed, along with a natural idealistic intransigence, something very like the persecution-mania with which we have seen, in our own country, the Sitwells afflicted. By nature intensely emotional and expressing himself in chaotic and dithyrambic music, he set himself ascetically to achieve a faultless musical coherence—a task made doubly difficult by his growing tendency to desert the conventional system of tonality. Herr Reich's book shows how well he achieved his object: how every phrase of every movement can be traced to an original "germ," and how, by the scholastic forms of inversion, crab-cans, mirror-cans, and the like, he reduced composition to something approaching logical deduction. Every kind of symmetrical grouping, numerical correspondence, and literary parallelism was marshalled

to ensure perfect clarity and symmetry to his compositions: and yet they appear, however emotionally attractive, musically enigmatic to all but the most erudite musicians, who learned eventually to find their way through the great complications of Berg's scores. Even then, this logical structure, this minute "dissectibility," recalls the structure of a honey-comb, cell by cell, rather than the architecture of a cathedral. Compare the following verbal scheme (quoted by Webern, another Schönberg pupil):

SATOR
AREPO
TENET
OPERA
ROTAS

with the construction of the Divine Comedy: and you have an apt comparison between the construction of, let us say, Berg's violin-concerto and Beethoven's 3rd Symphony. Not that Berg was dry, or lacking in emotion: a single hearing of *Wozzeck* disproves that. His talent was essentially dynamic and dramatic: and he speaks in a letter to Schönberg of all the human love, friendship, and emotion he had "secreted" in his *Kammerkonzert*. But he was intensely fastidious, intensely reserved emotionally: and the chaos of his feeling must first be felt, be reduced (and so disguised) by the strictest intellectual processes. He retained an almost idolatrous adoration for Schönberg to the end of his life, comparing him with Bach. For Mahler, Reger, and Debussy, he had great admiration. But he was contemptuous and arrogant towards those who could not agree with him: he despised the frankly, naïvely emotional, perhaps because he felt a certain attraction towards it, an attraction which he feared. I doubt whether *Wozzeck*, the *Lyrische Suite*, or the violin-concerto will ever become popular: but to musicians they may well remain monuments, not only of amazing musical intelligence, but of a lovable, tortured, fundamentally human character.

ATLANTIS

LOST ATLANTIS. By James Bramwell.
Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

A thoughtful schoolboy, turned adrift in an old-world country house library, took down Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, and, reading in "New Atlantis," fell asleep on the printed page. Another guest, chancing to enter for the *London Mercury*, and struck by the sight, placed Mackay's *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions* in full view of the dreamer, and stole out on tiptoe.

This episode recurred to my mind on closing Mr. Bramwell's compilation, which, like Gaul, can be regarded as divisible into three parts: i.e. citation and discussion of Plato's *Timaeus* and *Critias*, disquisitions on selected geographical theories of the site of Atlantis, consideration of its mystical aspect. Since the earliest mention of the submerged continent is Plato's, a "clear and distinct idea" of the Platonic dialogue as a literary form might seem to some essential. The remark

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"We know too that Plato occasionally illustrated his dialogues with moral stories," is hardly a trained inquirer's attitude to the myths. In fact, anyone who knows his Plato will pretty quickly decide that this book is a *biblion abiblion*, little more than a cento of "authorities" (of admittedly various weight). Where the author speaks in his own person, the "charm and imagination," noted on the jacket, will not infrequently be found to be of this order: "Merlin drops out, the Round Table goes by the board and most of the knights with their suspiciously mediaeval chivalry and errantry are found to be mere gate-crashers."

It is all very exciting, no doubt; we leap from Hellas to Xanadu, Cro-Magnons, Glozel tablets, William Blake, and (of course) D. H. Lawrence. Even Byron is cited, but not his

Oh Plato! Plato! you have paved the way
With your confounded fantasies. . . .

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

ROCK GARDENS

THE PRESENT-DAY ROCK GARDEN. By Sampson Clay. *Jack*. 31s. 6d.

Though the coarser saxifrages have long choked the more delicate things in the expensively constructed crannies of those who took up rock gardening as a mere fashion some years ago the genuine enthusiasm for growing what are loosely called "alpines" steadily increases. Dr. Clay's review of alpine plants will be welcomed by all expert rock gardeners and will make many more, so copious is its information and so alluring are its illustrations.

Alpine climbers, more than any others, are concerned with species. Dr. Clay explains his tabulations and the difficulties of firmly naming newly discovered plants in a learned way but never ceases to write as one whose main interest is in the plants themselves.

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OTHER BOOKS: SELECTED LIST

The books in this list, in addition to those which have been reviewed in the preceding pages, have been chosen after careful scrutiny from a much larger number of current publications.

ART

MODERN PAINTING IN ENGLAND. By Mary Chamot. *Country Life*. 10s. 6d.

Miss Mary Chamot manages to say something about a vast number of the artists, and all of the movements in London, from Whistler to the anonymous geniuses who are still in the elementary school. Her treatment is not profound or doctrinaire; her skill appears chiefly in the chatty way in which she manages to introduce so many figures without becoming tiresome. Even the principal academic personalities find mention, though they are generally pressed together in a single sentence with a kindly pat and occupy much less space than the wonders of to-day, and possibly to-morrow. A very competent performance. It provides a useful compendium of current journalistic opinion about contemporary English art. The reproductions are excellent.

FICTION

JOHN CORNELIUS: His Life and Adventures. By Hugh Walpole. *Macmillan*. 8s. 6d.

Sir Hugh Walpole has become increasingly versatile in recent years and in this new novel he has solved an old problem of fiction. The genius, musical, literary, or artistic, is always a complete and incredible bore as the chief character of a novel, even when he is tragically frustrated. Sir Hugh has written a mock biography, full-sized, complete with references to previous biographies, footnotes, quotations from other critics and lively detail. All this is done with a thoroughness, care, and verisimilitude which constitute a new *genre* and one which is bound to be imitated. Incidentally it enables the author in his pictures of literary London before the War to pay off many old scores. John Cornelius is a failure as a boy prodigy and as a desperately sincere novelist. Ironically enough, he wins commercial success with his fairy tales cleverly illustrated by a famous artist. This book, according to the fashion, might have been called "No more Giants," or "He Spoke with the Dead."

THE CROOKED CORONET. By Michael Arlen. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

To say that Mr. Michael Arlen is an excellent

magazine story writer would be to flatter the average magazine. However, here are all the tricks of plot, style, and verbal humour with which a railway journey or a wait at the dentist should be beguiled. Mr. Arlen is at his best with irony and at his worst with sentiment. "The Golden Ass," a jibe at the World's Richest Girl headline, is first-rate entertainment, but the tear behind the smile in "The Caddish Lady's Maid" is dangerously near a sob.

ANNA. By Boris Zaitsev. *Allen and Unwin*. 5s. An artificial but skilful little study in the Turgenyev manner of a rural community in the early days of the Russian Revolution. Its theme is the love of a country girl for a ruined landowner, his death, and her despair. The uneasy background of Soviet activity and the conciliatory nervousness of the propertied is extraordinarily well conveyed. There are subtle portraits of Anna's good-natured, too-loving step-father, and of Marta, his jealous wife, some brilliant interiors and the usual terrifying Russian winter landscape.

THE MOON IS MAKING. By Storm Jameson. *Cassell*. 8s. 6d.

It would seem that this sombre, slowly-moving story, set in a port on the East coast at the beginning of the century, is part of a longer work—the best of which is to come. Handel Wikker, a preacher, a radical, a mixture of saint and eccentric, is a somewhat prophetic figure. Uncompromising in his ideal of justice, he works for the rights of the poor in his own way; he learns (too late) to put love of his fellow-men before an idea. Handel is a solid, finely conceived creation, his brother and sisters—self-indulgent, fiendishly mean, and tyrannical—are convenient foils more than credible human beings; the younger generation and the rich ship-owner only occasionally spring into life.

THE WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN. By F. L. Lucas. *Cassell*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Lucas is, of course, extremely well informed, and in these ten stories he ranges from A.D. 53 to the end of the world (which he foresees with an amused cynicism). Each

story makes its "point" with confidence—not to say a little flourish; they are urbane, sophisticated, thoughtful, yet it must be admitted that, with the exception of *The Last Flight of Vincenzo de Amicis* and *The Dictator*, they are somewhat lifeless.

EIGHT SHORT STORIES. By Alec Waugh.
Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The thinner the ice, the better the skating—this is true, at any rate, in a figurative sense. It is impossible not to admire the ingenuity with which Mr. Waugh plays fast and loose with the moral demands of the vast magazine-reading public, which still insists that virtue must always win. Should a woman tell? This crucial problem is neatly varied in "A Pretty Case for Freud." Young Lord Bishopsbourne was fascinated by Julia Thirleigh, who had a reputation as the fastest young thing in London. Actually Julia was completely virtuous, and for reasons better known to herself had worked up this bogus reputation. Should she confess the truth before, on, or after her bridal night to the completely inexperienced young man?

NO POCKETS IN A SHROUD. By Horace McCoy.
Barker. 7s. 6d.

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? showed that Mr. McCoy has a gift for arresting titles. His present book is savage satire on political and social corruption in American life and the greed for money. The unfortunate American, presumably, has his hand in his pocket all his life and only finds financial peace in the grave. Mike Dolan, an idealistic young reporter, runs a paper of his own, in which he exposes the blackguardism and crimes of various secret organizations similar to the Ku Klux Klan. The idealist is not quite perfect. He subsidizes his paper by his own immoral earnings as a lover of elderly ladies. Mr. McCoy is the complete realist.

THEY SEEK A COUNTRY. By Francis Brett Young.
Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Brett Young draws a painful picture of working-class life in England a hundred years ago. Anyone who wishes to study the report of the Royal Commission on Transportation will find that he has not exaggerated in his story of John Oakley, a nail-maker's son. Convicted of poaching, the unfortunate young man finds himself on a convict ship destined for Botany Bay. Plague, shortage of water, and a convenient sand-storm enable Mr. Brett Young to divert his hero to South Africa

at a particularly exciting period. While supplying us gallantly with adventures, the novelist at the same time adumbrates the complicated racial problems of present-day South Africa.

THE FAITHFUL COMPASS. By Doreen Wallace.
Collins. 7s. 6d.

A young girl's patient, pertinacious, on the whole negative, ultimately successful pursuit of the gay and fickle young squire her neighbour. The value of the devotion and its object must be taken for granted, as must also the relevance of the story of Marianne's parents' marriage at the beginning and of her rejected suitor's affair with a married woman at the end. The Cumberland scenery is well described.

THEY THAT REAP. By Gregorio Lopez y Fuentes.
Harrap. 7s. 6d.

This novel by a young Mexican journalist has all the qualities of the best contemporary South American literature: extreme economy of style (for a book written in Spanish), pattern-like arrangement of detail, vivid characterization, humanity. A few years in the life of an Indian village is all the story. The people and places are all nameless—a device which gives them unusual reality, and widens the implications of the events. No recent travel book (or novel) has given so moving a picture of the daily life of these poverty-stricken Indians clinging to ancient dignity, customs, and beliefs through centuries of exploitation. A documentary novel, with a whole race for its tragic hero, of extraordinary interest. The illustrations by Diego de Rivera go well with the text.

FICTION (Detective)

THESE NAMES MAKE CLUES. By E. C. R. Lorac.
Collins (Crime Club). 7s. 6d.

The author of *Bats in the Belfry* here sets another of the ingenious puzzles with which he diverts and teases the public so engagingly. He gives a twist to crime, at once philosophic and mischievous, that is like no one else's; but he achieves his characteristic effects without repeating himself or exaggerating a light touch until it becomes mannered and strained. On this occasion, specialists in crosswords and anagrams will have some advantage over those who regard these exercises with the same apprehension as bridge, in assisting Chief Inspector Macdonald to trace the public-spirited person who put Andrew Gardien out of the way.

A BULLET IN THE BALLET. By Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. *Michael Joseph*. 7s. 6d.

In the modern thriller, the body is generally left about in studies or on slabs until the detective can spare half an hour from Glyndebourne or the Surrealist Exhibition. The present authors have reconciled plot with atmosphere by making the ballet their setting and Petrouchka the victim of the crime. The result is an extremely entertaining burlesque which owes little to detection and much to satire. The impresario, the ultra-modern choreographer and Volti-Subito, the conductor, are delicious, but for technique one hands it to the ex-prima-ballerina who invites the Police Superintendent to a little dinner in Vienna. "Trente-deux couverts. The only woman there it is me, and the only men it is my lovers. My 'usband he preside. You make me the compliment of coming? You are the favourite of my lovers."

HAMLET, REVENGE! By Michael Innes. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

A private performance of *Hamlet* on a ducal estate is the occasion of this agreeably cultured crime. Most of the actors are of noble or at least distinguished birth, the Shakespearean production is supervised by a genuinely eminent Elizabethan scholar, the murderee is the Lord High Chancellor (playing Polonius), and according to one theory, the fate of the nation is at stake. Although the motive and the criminal are wildly improbable and all the essential clues are withheld until the end, Mr. Innes has produced a story which is exciting, well-written, ingenious, and enjoyably snobbish in the Proustian sense.

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

OLD JULES. By Mari Sandoz. *Chapman and Hall*. 12s. 6d.

An authentic account of Nebraska pioneer life, in terms of the exploits and misadventures of one man, from the 'eighties to 1928. Young Jules was a Swiss immigrant who staked out his farm in cattle-country, gathered others about him, fought the antagonistic ranchers, was four times married, became Old Jules, an eminent but never polished citizen. His daughter writes this book on the basis of his stories, her own memories, and historical research. A little long for so episodic a narrative, it renders its subject with accuracy and vigour.

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI AND THE LOST REVOLUTION. By Ralph Roeder. *Harrap*. 15s.

Mr. Roeder is an American scholar who has made good use of the latest French studies of his period—he pays special tribute to the work of M. Lucien Romier. Mr. Roeder sees the rise of Capitalism and its conflict with the Church's ancient doctrine of the virtue of poverty as the strongest influence on historic event; and he sees in the elevation of a Medici to the Papacy the canonization of the banking interests. Of Catherine herself he makes a credible and human portrait—the stout and sinister Queen-Mother of earlier historians is now just an able woman, fighting a difficult battle; but the curious reader, poring over her portraits from youth to age, may think there is something in the older version of her. Mr. Roeder's is a careful and thoughtful summary of events, ideas, and persons.

A WOMAN SURGEON: The Life and Work of Rosalie Slaughter Morton. *Hale*. 7s. 6d.

Opening oddly with a quite illusory effect of self-satisfaction, this autobiography is full of matter of interest. Dr. Morton has studied, practised, or visited in every continent, from Labrador to Australia, from China to England and America, her birth-place. She records meetings with Tolstoy, Ibsen, Mark Twain, and others, but it is the story of her medical work and still more her individual medical cases which holds the attention.

LITERARY

THE VOYAGE TO ILLYRIA: A New Study of Shakespeare. By Kenneth Muir and Sean O'Loughlin. *Methuen*.

The discovery of Shakespeare the man, of Mr. W. H., and of the Dark Lady, is a venture as fatally alluring, and surely as practically useless, as that of the north-west passage. Certainly the present adventurers are seaman-like. They sail by Miss Spurgeon's charts of imagery; they have as pilots Wilson Knight and Middleton Murry, skilful sailors, if not always accurate in a reckoning; and they do not trust unduly the strange reports of those returned from the Meta Incognita of the Sonnets. Their log-book is scientific and exciting; their observations often of real value, though too conjectural to justify the detailed map of their discovery that they have drawn. The voyagers swear they had sight of the coast of Illyria. It is legitimate, as well as usual, to

suspect that what they saw was only one of the fogbanks so commonly met with in those latitudes.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY. Compiled by Mary K. Neff. *Rider*. 18s.

Working for seven years among the archives of the Theosophical Society at Adyar in India, Miss Neff has assembled in this remarkable volume a mass of information about the life of Madame Blavatsky. Most of it comes from the letters and other writings of Madame Blavatsky herself, together with extracts from writings by some of her closest friends. Very full notes and references are given, and there is a chronology of Madame Blavatsky's extraordinary career. Assuredly this volume will not settle all controversies about her, but it does throw much new light on many aspects of her life and work, including the hotly-debated question of her visits to Tibet, which appear to be reliably substantiated. The book is evidence not only of Miss Neff's devotion but also of her untiring skill in performing with such careful thoroughness a very difficult task.

THE POET AND THE PAST. By Edith C. Batho. *Oxford University Press*. 1s. 6d.

A brisk feminine causerie, enlivened by an

allusion to 1066 and *All That* and containing an interesting defence of *The White Doe of Rylstone* as personal-historical. The Warton Lecture on English Poetry skips in a tartan.

SOME GREEK POEMS OF LOVE AND BEAUTY. By J. M. Edmonds. *Cambridge University Press*. 3s. 6d.

The introduction to these translations is more valuable than what follows; it contains knowledge; they contain vulgarisms, e.g. "out for love," "busy, is he" (rhyme), "eclips'd for good." Their inspiration seems to have been the Bohemian versifying of Richard Middleton (quoted on verso of preface) rather than Hellas.

THE THEATRE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS. By F. A. Taylor. *Oxford University Press*. 12s. 6d.

The popularity and unfortunate influence of *La Dame aux Camélias* has obscured in this country and elsewhere the reputation of the younger Dumas. In France his former popularity has ended in complete reaction. Like so many writers who stake all on advanced ideas and "contemporaneity," Dumas fils is now old fashioned. His troubles with the censorship are forgotten, the social reforms for which he fought in his problem plays have been solved. Even the brilliant controversial prefaces in which he anticipated a device of Mr. Shaw no longer sparkle. Mr. Taylor is a sound critic and the topicality of his subject enables him to revive for us the rather tawdry period of the Second Empire.

PHILOSOPHY

THE BOOK OF DAYS OF LLEWELYN POWYS. Thoughts from his Philosophy.

Selected by John Wallis. *Golden Cockerel Press*. 4 gns. and 7 gns.

An elaborate edition of pagan aphorisms selected from the works of Llewelyn Powys—a man, to quote from his introduction, "content with earth-life . . . undistracted by priestly fables." Arranged under the months of the year, they express their author's full-blooded hedonism, his respect not for any system of morality but for the "noble tradition of human civility," his delight in nature and the body, and his contempt for religious doctrine. The reflections of a sensualist, they make up in poetic gusto what they lack in intellectual variety.

Of Books and Shaving Soaps

"A BOOK'S a book, although there's nothing in't."
True! And no doubt the poet would have agreed that a shaving soap's a shaving soap although it makes a wash-tub lather.

Yet there are many good books and several good shaving soaps—to suit all preferences. Everyone has his predilections, and what one man thinks good, another may scorn. It may be, too, that many a man who is now satisfied that he has found his ideal in books and shaving soaps is unwittingly missing the best.

On the subject of good books we do not presume to speak; but we know something about shaving soaps. We suggest that even if you are satisfied with your present shaving medium you might find Parke-Davis Shaving Cream even better. It's worth trying at least. The toughest beard will yield with good grace, and the tenderest skin be smoothed. Large tubes are available for 1s. 6d. from your chemist, or send for a 7-day free trial tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream to:

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London, W.1

REALITY AND VALUE. By A. Campbell Garnett. *Allen and Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

A study of the problem of value from a realist standpoint. Professor Campbell first establishes his realist position with regard to perception, substance, time, space, and causality. Values, like these other phenomena, he takes to be constituents of the outer world. They are fundamentally related to the will in that it is by the relation of the aim of a particular act to the general will of the agent as it makes itself felt instinctively that value is judged. Hence the individual variations in such judgments.

TOPOGRAPHY & TRAVEL

MY WALES. By Rhys Davies. *Jarrollds*. 7s. 6d. Although this study written for the "My Country" series does not give so vivid a picture of Wales as its author's novels, it is an admirable piece of work. Patriotic yet frankly critical of his countrymen, Mr. Rhys Davies describes the courage, the intense romanticism, the jealousy and quarrelsomeness, the fantasy and dramatic instinct of the Welsh. There are chapters on the Eisteddfod, on Welsh characters, on the Welsh language and landscape, and a moving account, historical and contemporary, of the industrial population of South Wales.

DEAD PUPPETS DANCE. By Philip Thornton. *Collins*. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Thornton's object in his journey through the Balkans, as in his journey through Morocco, was to study the native dances. His descriptions of what he found are vivid and alive, but full of a confusion natural to the spectator of performers in an unfamiliar dance, and they show no attempt at real choreographic understanding. Too much of the book is filled with the incidental fun of travel, told with a *naïveté* which passes charm and reaches monotony.

AFRICAN ODYSSEY: The Life of Verney Lovett-Cameron. By W. Robert Foran. *Hutchinson*. 18s.

The biography of a pioneer Victorian of the seventies—who went to search for the missing David Livingstone to meet at Tabora his dead body being carried to the coast. Mr. Foran, expert on African travel, has made a straightforward narrative of Cameron's documents, which include interesting accounts of the customs of the Ugara, Warua, and other Central Africans. There are no sensational episodes, but the book is worth reading.

THE ARYAN PATH

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JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THE BUDDHISM OF PAUL VALÉRY
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FORTHCOMING BOOKS

SEVERAL books of memoirs and diaries by important public figures appear in the publishers' lists for this month. Among them are the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill's *Great Contemporaries*, announced by Messrs. Thornton Butterworth, and Mr. J. A. Spender's memoirs and observations, which will be published on September 9th by Messrs. Cassell, with the title *Men and Things*. Early this month Messrs. Jenkins will publish *Some War Diaries of the late Lord Ypres*, edited by Major the Hon. Gerald French. *Trivial Fond Records* is the title of the reminiscences of Sir Laurence Guille-mard, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., and is listed for September 16th by Messrs. Methuen.

H. M. Bateman, by himself, is announced by Messrs. Collins for September 20th. This will be illustrated by the author.

A number of books of letters are to appear this month. Mr. G. D. H. Cole is the editor of *Letters from William Cobbett to Edward Thornton, 1798-1800*, announced by the Oxford University Press for September 23rd. This correspondence belongs to Cobbett's American period, and his correspondent, Thornton, was Secretary to the British Legation. *Robert Browning and Julia Wedgwood*, which is to be published by Messrs. John Murray in conjunction with Messrs. Jonathan Cape, is a collection of their letters edited by Richard Curle.

The Dictionary of National Biography from 1922 to 1930, edited by J. R. H. Weaver, is announced by the Oxford University Press for this month. On September 25th Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton expect to publish *John Knox*, by Lord Eustace Percy, and September 20th is the date given by Messrs. Routledge for Herr Bruno Walter's *Gustav Mahler*.

Mr. Geoffrey Keynes's *Bibliography of John Evelyn* is expected this month from the Cambridge University Press.

The Birth of Language, by R. A. Wilson, to be published this month by Messrs. Dent, is not so much a philological treatise as a study in natural philosophy, and deals with the difference between men and animals which results in man's need for articulate expression.

My Discovery of the West, by Stephen Leacock, is announced for September 21st by The Bodley Head. *Mass Observation* (Faber, September 9th), contains reports sent from all parts of the

country of events which took place on Coronation day, edited by Charles Madge. On the same date Messrs. Cassell will publish *Belief and Action: An Everyday Philosophy*, by Viscount Samuel, P.C.; and Messrs. Methuen will publish Serge Voronoff's *Love and Thought in Humans and Animals*.

Messrs. Black will publish this month a study of Chinese history by Mr. E. R. Hughes, Reader in Chinese in Oxford University, *The Invasion of China by the Western World*. The same publishers announce *The Constitutional History of Mediaeval England*, by J. E. A. Jolliffe. *Towards the Twentieth Century*, by H. V. Routh, announced for this month by the Cambridge University Press, is an estimate of the debt of the England of to-day to the literature of the nineteenth century.

A considerable number of travel books are expected this autumn. Amongst the September ones are *I Find Australia*, by William Hatfield (Oxford University Press), *Peruvian Pageant*, by Blair Niles (Murray), and from Messrs. Chatto and Windus *Mosquito Coast*, travels in Spanish Honduras, by Peter Keenagh, and Max Miller's *Mexico Around Me*, the latter listed for September 2nd.

A new play by Ernst Toller, *No More Peace*, is announced by The Bodley Head for September 7th.

Dr. W. H. D. Rouse's translation of the *Odyssey* into English prose will be published by Messrs. Nelson on September 20th.

Among the poems for this month are Edwin Muir's *Journeys and Places* (Dent) and Arthur Waley's translations of Chinese lyrics, *Book of Songs* (Allen and Unwin, September 21st). Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson hope to publish in September or early October *The Collected Poems of Laurence Housman* and Vol. III of *The Collected Poems of John Drinkwater*.

A very great number of novels is to be published this month, of which there is only room to mention here *Brynild*, by H. G. Wells (Methuen, September 30th), *Ghosts*, by the late Edith Wharton (Appleton-Century), *The South Wind of Love*, by Compton Mackenzie (Rich and Cowan, September 2nd or 3rd), *Pavements at Anderby*, short stories by the late Winifred Holtby (Collins, September 20th), and *Castle Bigod*, by David Garnett (Chatto and Windus).